68 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF THE LAW VS. KILLERS

THE CRIME MACHINE™

50¢

FEB 1971

BOSS OF THE DEATH GANG!

THE TERRIBLE TOOTS GARBOLI

RACKET KING! BABYFACE NELSON!
BROTHERS IN CRIME! BIG CITY MURDER!

MY NAME IS **MATT GROVER!** **MY JOB...** PRESENT-DAY **CRIME FIGHTER** AND RESEARCHER INTO **CRIMES** AND **CRIMINALS** OF THE PAST! **MY PURPOSE...** TO SHOW **YOU** WHAT CREATES A **CRIME MACHINE!** THOSE WHO TAKE THE **FIRST STEP** TOWARD BREAKING THE LAW... WHETHER IT BE AN **INDIVIDUAL** OR A **GANG...** MAKE UP A **CRIME MACHINE!**

HERE ARE EIGHT **BLOODY, RUTHLESS CRIMES** TAKEN FROM OUR FILES TO DEMONSTRATE THE INNER WORKINGS OF...

the CRIME MACHINE!!

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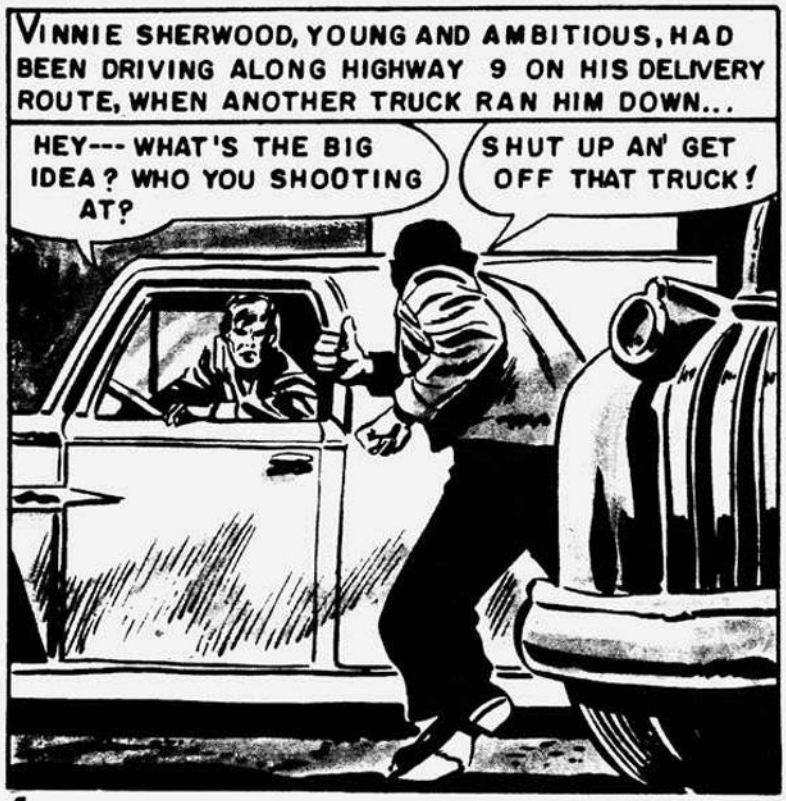
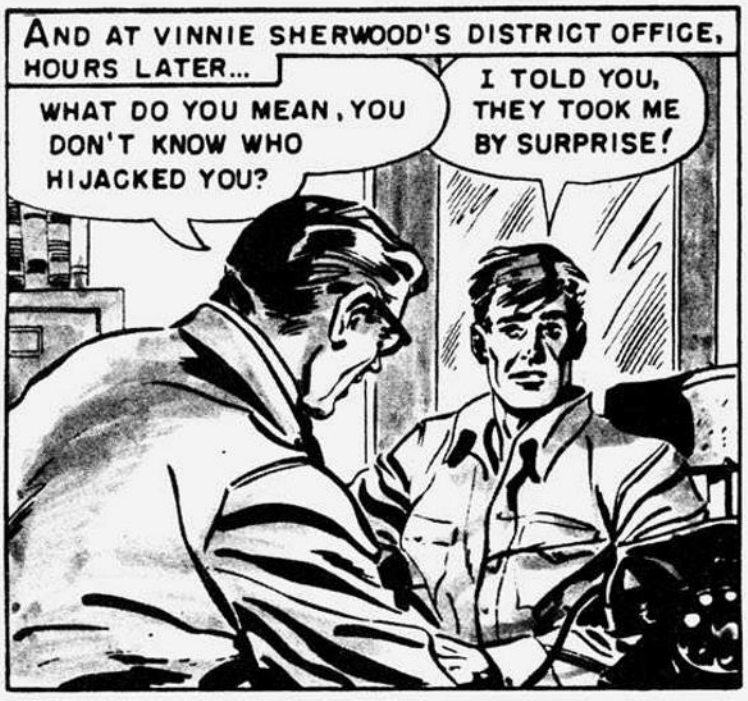
THIS STORY IS ABOUT A MAN WHO TOOK JUSTICE INTO HIS OWN HANDS FOR REVENGE AND ENDED UP A COLD-BLOODED KILLER! BUT A GRIM SOCIETY SHATTERED HIS EVIL INFLUENCE AND GAVE HIM THE FATE HE SO RICHLY DESERVED...

VINNIE SHERWOOD RACKET KING!

VINNIE SHERWOOD, YOUNG AND AMBITIOUS, HAD BEEN DRIVING ALONG HIGHWAY 9 ON HIS DELIVERY ROUTE, WHEN ANOTHER TRUCK RAN HIM DOWN...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
OKAY, MIKE... THE STUFF'S ALL PILED INTO OUR LOAD! WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE PUNK?
LEAVE HIM BE! LET THE JERK EXPLAIN HIS WAY OUT! HA, HA...


AND AT VINNIE SHERWOOD'S DISTRICT OFFICE, HOURS LATER...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO HIJACKED YOU?
I TOLD YOU, THEY TOOK ME BY SURPRISE!

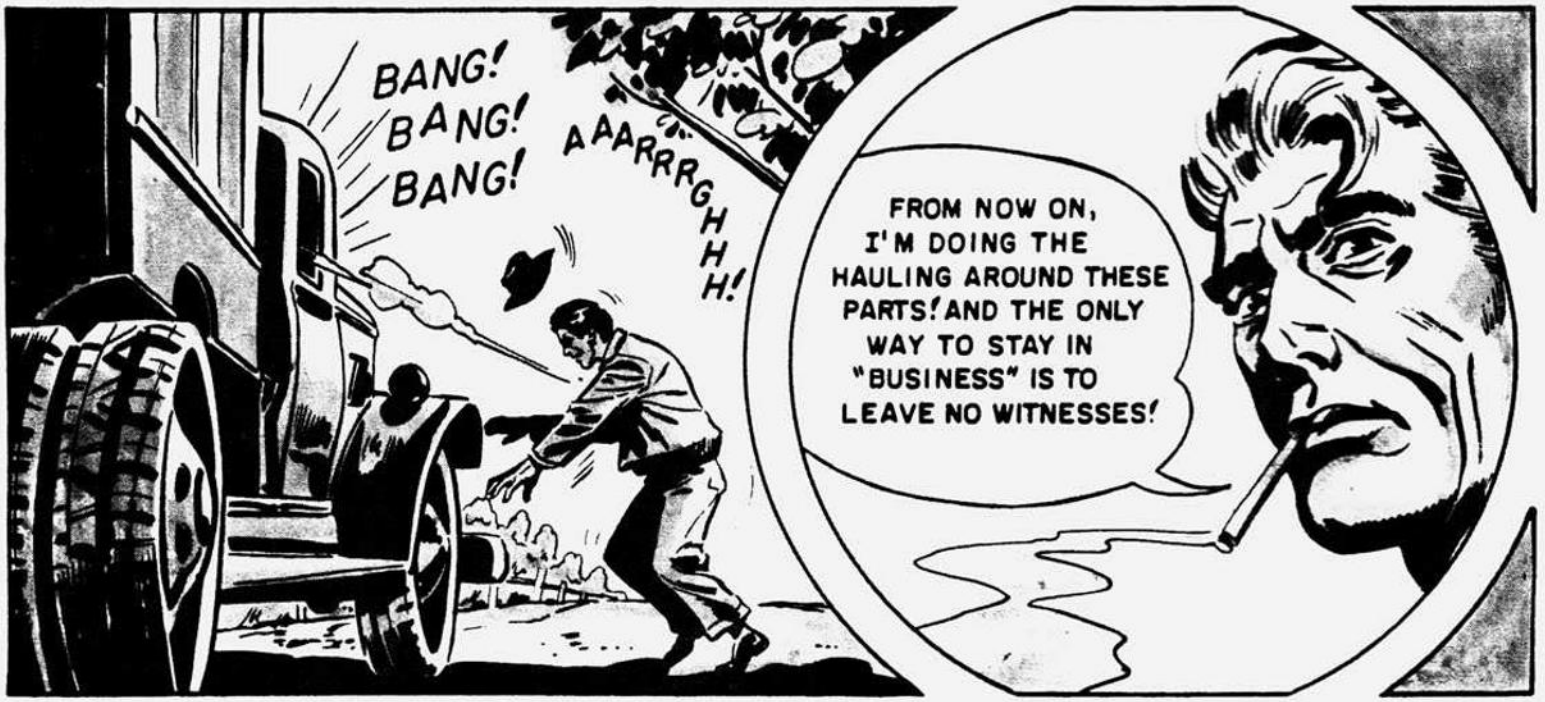
I'M SORRY, BUT WE CAN'T AFFORD POOR RISKS FOR OUR DRIVERS! YOU'RE FIRED!
BUT IS IT MY FAULT MY TRUCK WAS ROBBED? GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!

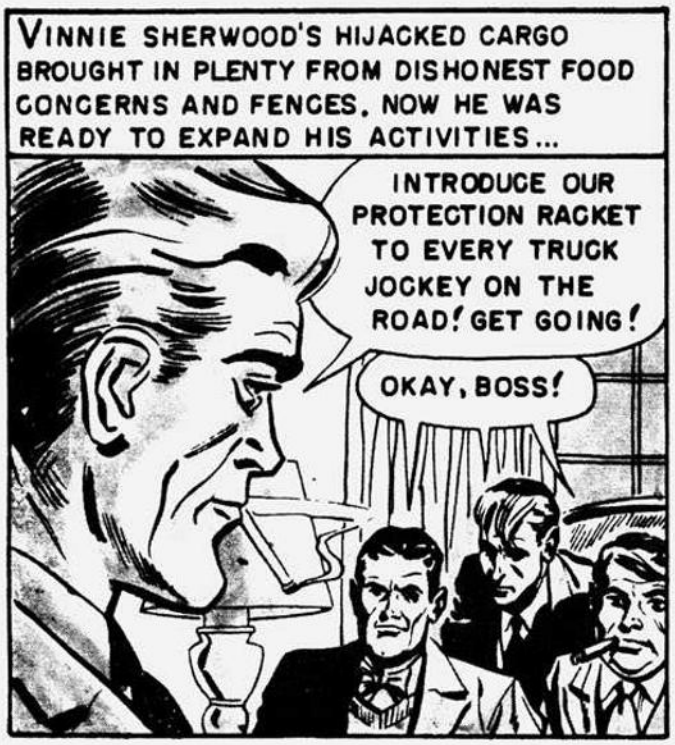
THE DECISION OF HIS EMPLOYER WAS FINAL, HOWEVER! SO VINNIE JOINED THE RANKS OF THE UNEMPLOYED... BITTER, DISILLUSIONED, SULLEN...
NOT FAIR... I WORKED HARD... AND HE GETS THE DOUGH... NOT FAIR...

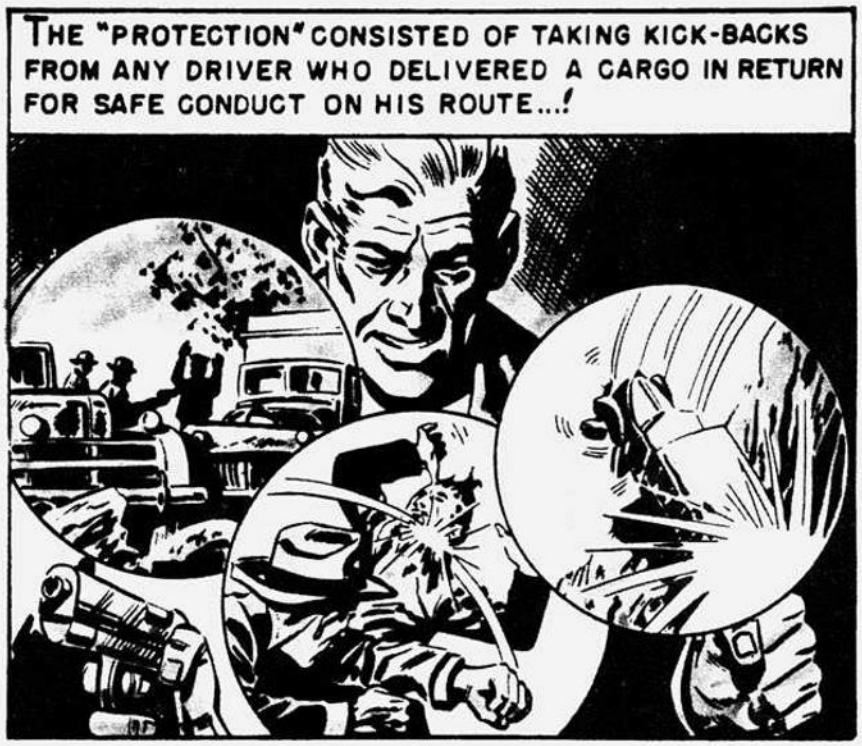
BUT WHAT IF I TAKE HIS DOUGH FROM HIM? IF OTHER CRUMS CAN HIJACK ME, WHY CAN'T I DO IT TO SOMEONE ELSE?

SO, INSTEAD OF LOOKING FOR ANOTHER JOB, VINNIE SHERWOOD TURNED TO CRIME! WITH HIS LAST PAY CHECK HE RENTED A TRUCK AND...
PULL OVER, BUSTER--! PULL OVER, I SAID....

WHY YOU ROAD-HOG! ARE YOU BLIND, OR SOMETHING?
NOT HALF AS BLIND AS YOU'RE GONNA BE, CHUMP!


BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
AAARRRGHHH!
FROM NOW ON, I'M DOING THE HAULING AROUND THESE PARTS! AND THE ONLY WAY TO STAY IN "BUSINESS" IS TO LEAVE NO WITNESSES!


VINNIE SHERWOOD'S HIJACKED CARGO BROUGHT IN PLENTY FROM DISHONEST FOOD CONCERNS AND FENCES. NOW HE WAS READY TO EXPAND HIS ACTIVITIES...
INTRODUCE OUR PROTECTION RACKET TO EVERY TRUCK JOCKEY ON THE ROAD! GET GOING!
OKAY, BOSS!


THE "PROTECTION" CONSISTED OF TAKING KICK-BACKS FROM ANY DRIVER WHO DELIVERED A CARGO IN RETURN FOR SAFE CONDUCT ON HIS ROUTE...!

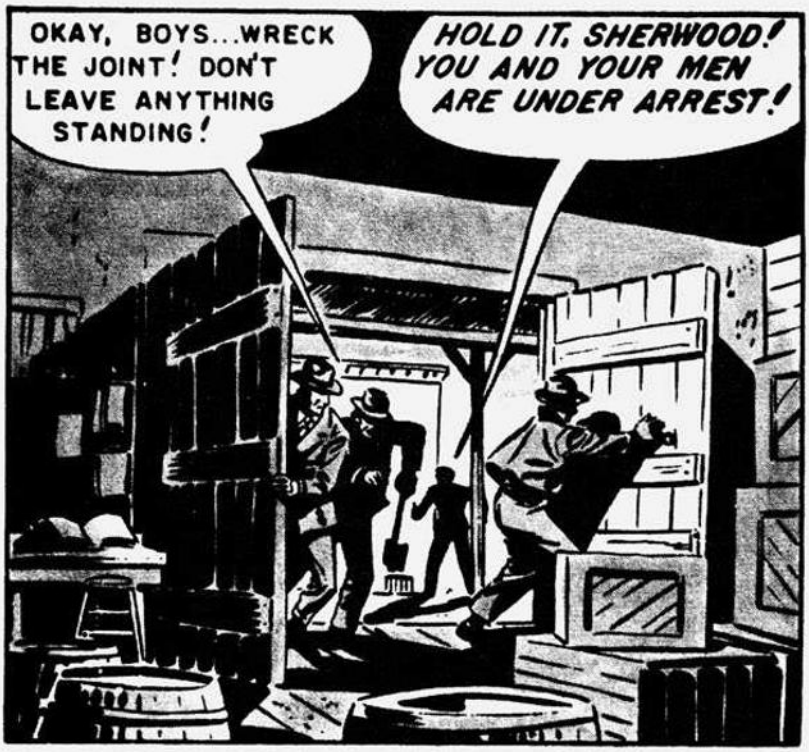
...AND WOE TO THOSE WHO INFORMED THE POLICE! IN EACH INSTANCE, THEY HAD AN "ACCIDENT"! THE DOUGH PILED IN...
NOT BAD, EH?

YEAH, VINNIE--BUT SOONER OR LATER, SOMEONE'S GONNA GET THROUGH TO THE BULLS!
I THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO! I GOT ME A PLAN, BOYS!

WORKING IN A NEAR-BY MARKET WAS AN EX-CONVICT, A PAROLEE, WHOM SHERWOOD HAD KNOWN IN HIS EARLIER TRUCKING DAYS...
... IS IT A DEAL, JOE? I'LL LET YOU IN, 60-40!
SURE, VINNIE... IT'S A CINCH!

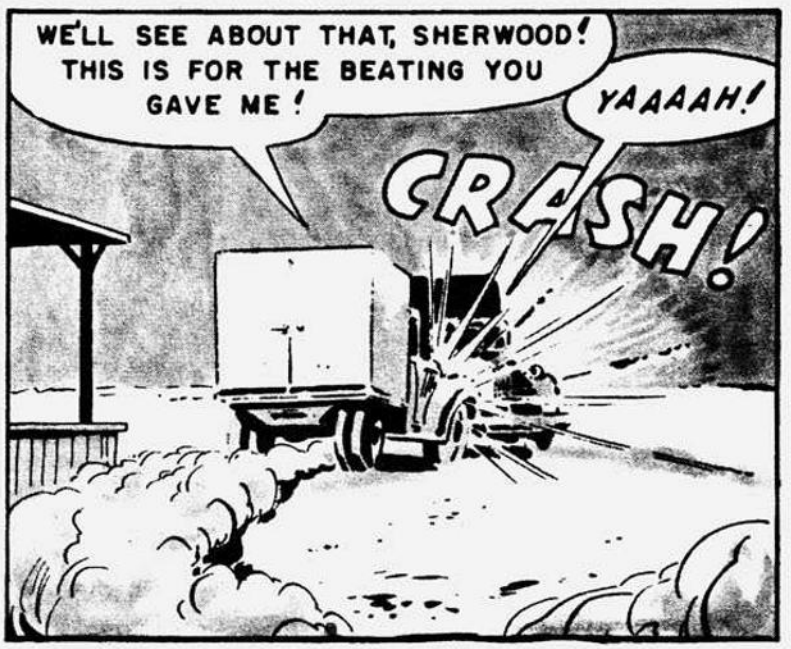
THROUGH JOE'S ACQUAINTANCE, OTHER PAROLEES WERE BROUGHT INTO THE FOLD! BUT SOME REFUSED...
NO...I'M GOING STRAIGHT!
THAT'S NOT SMART, DANNY! SHOW HIM WHY, JOE!
UGH!
THAT'S ENOUGH! WE DON'T WANT TO HURT HIM TOO MUCH!
DANNY--- YOU'LL WORK FOR US AT NIGHT ... IF YOU DON'T WE'LL FRAME YOU-- AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS FOR A PAROLEE!
YOU WIN, SHERWOOD!
VINNIE NOW HAD TWO GANGS, ONE FOR HIS "TRUCKING BUSINESS"--- THE OTHER FOR HIS PROTECTION RACKET, THUS PROVIDING HIM WITH AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI...
WHILE THE PAROLEES WORKED ON SMALL OWNERS, THE CUNNING EX-TRUCKER PLAYED THE HONEST BUSINESSMAN...
WE QUIT, MR. ADAMS! MY MEN WON'T STAND FOR SHERWOOD'S BRUTAL TACTICS...
EITHER PROVE IT—OR SHUT UP!
YOU KNOW WE CAN'T! YOU'VE WON ROUND ONE!
WELL, ADAMS... DO YOU SIGN THIS CONTRACT OR DO YOU LOSE BUSINESS VOLUME THROUGH THESE UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENTS?
IT SEEMS I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE! ALL RIGHT--HERE'S MY SIGNATURE...

BUT A FEW DAYS LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, CIVIC AND MARKET OFFICIALS MET TO PROTEST...
WHAT ABOUT THE PAROLEE ANGLE? HAVE WE GOT ANYTHING THERE?
NOT A THING! THESE MEN ALL HAVE LEGITIMATE MARKET JOBS!
AS HIRELINGS OF SHERWOOD, YES! THIS CROOK IS RAISING THE PRICES OF MARKET GOODS THROUGH HIS DELIVERY MONOPOLY. THE CONSUMER PAYS IN ORDER TO EAT... AND HE POCKETS THE INCREASE!
MEANWHILE, AT THE HOUSE OF A PAROLEE WHO HAD BEEN FORCED TO JOIN SHERWOOD'S GANG...
YOU MUST, DEAREST, FOR BOTH OUR SAKES!
I...I CANT, HONEY... WE'D BE KILLED!
BUT WE MUST TELL THE POLICE...HOW LONG CAN WE LIVE THIS WAY?
YOU'RE RIGHT, HONEY! I SHOULD HAVE DONE IT LONG AGO!
...AND NEXT MORNING...
...THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS, SIR. YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY RUIN THE LIVES OF OTHERS!
WE WILL, DANNY! THIS IS OUR FIRST BREAK!
FOLLOWING DANNY'S INSTRUCTIONS, THE POLICE WAITED FOR VINNIE SHERWOOD AND HIS GANG TO RAID A RIVAL MARKET. TWO DAYS LATER...
HERE THEY COME, MEN... NOW, WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL.
ANOTHER HAUL LIKE THIS, BOSS...AND WE'LL OWN THE ENTIRE CITY! HA! HA!
YEAH, ESPECIALLY AFTER THE OTHER MARKET BOYS SEE WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO TO THIS DUMP!


OKAY, BOYS...WRECK THE JOINT! DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING STANDING!
HOLD IT, SHERWOOD! YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE UNDER ARREST!

WHAT THE...! IT'S THE COPPERS! RUN... THEY'RE WISE! YAAAH!
STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

BUT THE FRIGHTENED GANG SCATTERED IN ALL DIRECTIONS! VINNIE DIVED FOR A TRUCK STANDING NEARBY, AND...
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! NO ONE'S STOPPING ME!


WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, SHERWOOD! THIS IS FOR THE BEATING YOU GAVE ME!
YAAAAH!
CRASH!

DANNY HAD CLIMBED INTO ONE OF THE GANG'S TRUCKS AND HAD RAMMED IT STRAIGHT INTO THE RACKETEER'S VEHICLE...
YOU CRUM! I'LL GET YOU... OWWWW!
RAISE YOUR HANDS, OR WE'LL SHOOT TO KILL!

N-NO..DON'T DO THAT! I... PLEASE...GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!
WHERE YOU'RE GOING, MISTER, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME FOR REGRETS! COME ALONG!

THE CITY CAN GET BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN! THANKS TO YOU, DANNY!
CRIME IS LIKE A DISEASE! WHEN YOU ARE SICK, YOU HAVE TO BE CURED. WELL, MY PAROLE CURED ME, AND I'M GOING TO STAY THAT WAY!
END

MARION GILMORE QUEEN OF THE waterfront gangs!

SHE WAS HALF WOMAN-***HALF DEVIL!***- SHE WAS HARD, BEAUTIFUL, AND SMART-SMART, YES--BUT IN THE WAY A SCORPION IS SMART! HER EXPLOITS RANGED FROM GANG-FIGHTS TO WATERFRONT ROBBERIES... AND HER UNDERWORLD ADMIRERS WERE LEGION-BUT WHEN HER PASSION FOR THRILLS AND HER UTTER RUTHLESSNESS WERE FINALLY RIPPED AWAY, SHE COWERED IN FRIGHT LIKE OTHERS BEFORE HER--FOR LAW AND ORDER EXPECTED ITS DUE! THIS WAS ***MARION GILMORE-QUEEN OF THE THIEVES!!***

THE PLACE: THE SLUM SECTION OF SAN FRANCISCO-THE TIME: 1937-AN AMBULANCE WAITS BEFORE ONE OF THE MANY DILAPIDATED TENEMENTS...

IT'S A ***SHAME!*** MRS. GILMORE WAS ***SO*** YOUNG!-

--AND MARION-SHE'S SO ALL ALONE...LOOK AT HER--POOR GIRL!-

MARION-IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?-
THANK YOU, MRS. RITMAN... YOU'VE BEEN SWELL!-BUT I...I'M-I'M MOVING AWAY FROM HERE--TO AN APARTMENT! I'M THROUGH WITH ALL THIS!

MARION GILMORE HAD BEEN A GOOD GIRL-BUT AFTER HER MOTHER'S DEATH, SHE BEGAN RUNNING AROUND WITH THE WRONG PEOPLE-AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY TOOK THE ROAD TO INEVITABLE RUIN--
WORK-WORK! AND FOR WHAT NOTHING!-
ENJOY YOURSELF! HA, HA!-

SHE WAS SEVENTEEN--SHE HAD WORKED FOR THREE HARD YEARS!-NOW SHE WAS ON HER OWN--IN HER OWN APARTMENT-CHOOSING HER OWN FRIENDS...
HOW'Z THIS, HONEY-SOME THRILL, HUH? WE MUST BE DOIN' 90, AT LEAST!-
SURE!-THIS IS TERRIF'! HA, HA, HA!-
OH YOU KID!

ONE SHORT YEAR LATER, MARION GILMORE HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED TO A CALLOUSED, RUTHLESS GANG GIRL--KNOWING TOO MUCH!--LIVING TOO MUCH!--
TAKE THAT!-I'LL TEACH YOU!-
CRACK!!!

MARION'S TALENT FOR ORGANIZATION BECAME SEEN IN THE FORMATION OF A SMALL BUT DANGEROUS GANG...
BOYS-WE'RE GOING TO MAKE DOUGH! I GOT IDEAS--!
COUNT ME OUT! YOUR IDEAS ALLUS BRING TROUBLE!

IF YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT MARION SAYS, BUSTER--GET OUT!!

N-NAW... I WUZ ON'Y KIDDIN'-
THAT'S BETTER!
WE'LL ALL BE RICH IF WE WORK IT RIGHT-NOW--HERE'S MY PLAN...

IN BRECKENRIDGE PARK IN 'FRISCO THERE IS A SMALL LAKE FILLED WITH ROWBOATS AND SAILORS ON LEAVE -AND THAT WAS WHERE MARION GILMORE BEGAN OPERATING...

HI - SAILOR--

HI, **YOURSELF**, BEAUTIFUL!-HEY--**WAIT!** I'LL BE RIGHT UP!

MY--YOU CERTAINLY GOT HERE FAST! ARE YOU LIKE THAT IN **EVERYTHING?**

HA, HA...NO--NOT WHEN I'M ON SHIP-BUT WHEN I'M ON LEAVE--WELL...I LIKE TO SEE **ALL I CAN!**-

MARION AND HER SAILOR BECAME GOOD FRIENDS. THEY SAT FOR A WHILE--AND THEN WALKED AWAY...

I'VE TOLD YOU ALL ABOUT MYSELF.. NOW--HOW ABOUT **YOU?**

NOTHING TO TELL--OH, LOOK--FLOWERS!-

WHAT?--I DON'T...

YOU DO **NOW**, DON'T YOU, SAILOR-BOY?-HA, HA!

THUD

ALL RIGHT--GET THE SUCKER'S WALLET!- IT'S IN HIS BLOUSE-POCKET!--MAKE IT **SNAPPY!**-

HERE IT IS--AND IT'S **FULL** O' GREENBACKS! WE HIT THE OL' **JACKPOT!!**

THIS, THEN, WAS MARION GILMORE'S WAY OF MAKING MONEY - BY BEING **DECOY BAIT** - A MODIFICATION OF THE BADGER GAME! WEEK AFTER WEEK SHE AND HER GANG "PATROLLED" THE STREETS--AND MANY FELL PREY...

THREE HUN'ERD AND SIX BUCKS! **BOY!**--LET'S GO OUT AND HAVE SOME FUN!- **REAL FUN!**

SHUT **UP**, DOOLIE!- PUT THAT CHICKEN FEED AWAY!-- WE'RE BRANCHING OUT!- I GOT ANOTHER IDEA--A **BETTER** ONE!

MARION WENT TO SEE TONY ARRIBACI, BOSS STEVEDORE OF 'FRISCO'S WATERFRONT, AND KINGPIN OF THE HILLY CITY'S UNDERWORLD...

IT'S **FOOLPROOF,** I TELL YOU! YOU GIVE US THE TIME AND PLACE TO ROB THE JOINTS -- AND THE LAW WILL **NEVER** FIND OUT!

I DON'T KNOW--

HOW CAN **YOU** LOSE? YOU'LL BE HAVING DINNER WITH FRIENDS - AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI! WHO'D SUSPECT **ME** OF ROBBING A WAREHOUSE? DO **I** KNOW **YOU?- NO!** AND WE'LL SPLIT 60 FOR YOU AND 40 FOR ME!-

GIRLIE-- YOU'RE **IN!-**

THUS WAS BORN THE UNION OF MARION GILMORE'S ORGANIZATION TO BOSS ARRIBACI'S BUNCH ... ON THE NIGHT OF -- **DEC. 14, 1942...**

HEY--YOU TWO! NO PARKING ON THIS STREET!

OH-- WE'RE SORRY, OFFICER!-

A FEW MINUTES LATER, SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY...

THE PLACE IS CLEAR-- EXCEPT FOR ONE COP! DOOLIE--YOU DRIVE UP FROM THE NORTH SIDE!- JOEY AND ED WILL BRING THE TRUCK FROM THE SOUTH!-I'LL STAY OUT-SIDE-- **LET'S HIT IT!-**

RIGHT, MARION--

AND FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARDS, THE GILMORE GANG STRUCK WITH THE FURY OF THE DESPERATE CRIMINALS THEY WERE...

AAAGH-

THAT TAKES CARE OF **YOU,** FLATFOOT!-

BLAM

HURRY! THIS JOINT'LL BE FULL OF COPPERS SOON!--FORGET 'BOUT THOSE LIQUOR CRATES.. TAKE THE **FURS!**

WE'RE ALL SET!-**LET'S GO!-**

THE BOYS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US, MARION! WE'RE IN THE CLEAR!-

SIGNAL THEM TO SEPARATE AT ROUTE 9... WE'LL MEET THEM LATER AT ARRIBACI'S!--

FOR ONE ENTIRE YEAR, MARION AND HER PALS ROBBED OVER A HALF-MILLION DOLLARS IN WARE-HOUSE MATERIEL... ARRIBACI'S POWER GREW LIKE A GREEDY OCTOPUS. THEN THEY MADE ONE MISTAKE!-

RAT-TAT-TAT-TA

I *KNEW* THAT JOINT WAS TOO BIG TO CRACK!- IT WAS A *TRAP!*-

SHUT *UP!* AND KEEP *SHOOTIN'!*-

BANG

BANG

A WHINING BULLET--A PUNCTURED TIRE, AND...

CRASH

YOU, IN THAT CAR!--THROW YOUR GUNS OUT!-

OOOHH-- C-COME AND *G-GET ME!*- -UUGGHHH!

ARRIBACI AND THE OTHERS WERE SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY FOR LIFE-- BUT AS FOR HIS PARTNER IN CRIME, MARION GILMORE--

YOU ARE GIVEN 20 TO 40 YEARS, TO BE SERVED AT THE WOMEN'S PRISON!

WOMEN'S PRISON-- 1943--- MARION WAS A SULLEN PRISONER FILLED WITH A SMOLDERING HATE TOWARD THE SOCIETY WHICH HAD IMPRISONED HER...

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE-- SOON!

BUT SHREWD MARION OBEYED ORDERS... SHE WAS ALWAYS COURTEOUS, NEVER ARROGANT, AND SOON BECAME A TRUSTY ---

MY, MATRON, WHAT A STUNNING NEW HAIR-DO!

I'VE GOT A COMPLIMENT FOR YOU, TOO! THE LAUNDRY IS SPOTLESS!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU IDIOT-- *SMILE!*- WHILE I TURN ON THIS STEAM VALVE!

WHAT'S GOING ON? *GET AWAY FROM THERE!- STOP!*--

WHAT-?
SSSSS
A'EEEEEEE
SSSSS
OKAY, YOU!. ONE SOUND OUT OF YOU AND YOUR A DEAD COOKIE!--
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!- THE GATE'S LOCKED-- AND ONLY THE WARDEN CAN HAVE IT OPENED!
DON'T GIVE ME THAT!- THE WARDEN'S GOT A CAR PARKED OUTSIDE-- AND I'M USING IT!!
CRACK
WITH THREE-QUARTERS OF THE PRISON'S INMATES MAKING A BREAK FOR FREEDOM, MARION GILMORE AND FOUR OTHERS CRASHED OUT OF PRISON...
WE'RE PARTING COMPANY WHEN WE REACH TOWN! FROM THERE, IT'S EVERYONE FOR HERSELF!-
EEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOE
WAIT!- WAIT FOR US!...
STOP HER!-
EEOOOOO
WARDEN
73121
BACK IN 'FRISCO, HER HAIR DYED BLONDE, STAKED TO A WARDROBE AND MONEY BY HER UNDERWORLD CRONIES, SHE MADE FOR PORTSMOUTH CITY AND LEO FRANKEL--CZAR OF ALL WATERFRONT CRIME!...
GLAD YOU'RE HERE, MARION! I GOT WORD YOU WANT TO JOIN MY BOYS...
I SURE DO, LEO!-I'M BACK IN BUSINESS!
ALL THE OTHER INMATES HAD BEEN CAPTURED AND SENT BACK TO PRISON - ALL BUT MARION GILMORE, WHO HAD ESCAPED UNDER A NEW IDENTITY. AND ROBBERIES INCREASED- FOR AN EXPERT WAS BACK--!
C'MON-EMPTY THAT WAREHOUSE QUICK!-WHAT ARE Y'WAITING FOR??
N WAREHOUSE
IN 1944, MARION MET ROY NORMAN, A TWO-BIT GANGSTER, WHO BROUGHT OUT THE ROMANTIC SIDE IN HER. THE TWO BECAME SWEETHEARTS--ONE NIGHT...
THINK, BABY- JUST YOU AND ME IN SOUTH AMERICA WITH ALL THE DOUGH---!
OKAY, ROY... WE'LL DO IT!--

So, when Frankel and his boys backed out of a warehouse two weeks later, they were going to get the old *DOUBLE-CROSS!-*

Okay--here's the stuff! Now, wait here for the other guys!--

Not *THIS* time! *NOW*, Marion!--

MOVING

Is this a *JOKE?* Come on-- we haven't got time to play games!-

We're *NOT* playing! Marion and I are pulling out with the dough!- *STAY WHERE YOU ARE!*

Guns spat their missiles of death, while Marion attempted to start the getaway car...

ROY! I *CAN'T* start the *CAR!- DO SOME-THING!-*

Right now, baby...right *NOW!--*

RRRRR

ZING

TWING

Leo and his men toppled to the gutter-- *DEAD!* Marion and Roy Norman hurried frantically around the corner-

RAT-TAT

AHHH

--straight into the *POLICE!---*

I'll drill *ALL* coppers... YAAAAA

Roy...Ohhh- I-I'm *HIT!--*

RAT-TAT-T

Roy--*ROY!* Y-you've *KILLED* him! Oh-h-h...I'm dying :cough: I-I don't wanna die--- :cough:

Put an emergency call through for an ambulance- she's hurt *BAD!!*

But Marion Gilmore never recovered. The life of crime she had led so furiously---the cruelty and viciousness she had spread so callously, caught up with her at last. Her final resting place, an unmarked grave - a mock tribute to the *QUEEN OF THE WATERFRONT GANGS!!*

The End-

BROTHERS IN CRIME!

HEAD OF A POWERFUL UNDERWORLD ORGANIZATION, BIG TIME RACKETEER *TONY SANGO* COULD CONTROL A *SYNDICATE OF CRIME*, BUT NOT HIS VICIOUS AND RESENTFUL BROTHER! THEIR *HATRED* FOR EACH OTHER EXPLODED INTO A *COLD BLOODED GAME OF MURDER* THAT ENDED WITH JUSTICE DEALING THE FINAL HAND! *"TONY AND BUD FENNER--BROTHERS IN CRIME!"*

1934, THE OFFICE OF TONY FANGO IN SIOUX CITY, IOWA..

YOU HALFWITTED OX! FIVE HUNDRED CLAMS TO GET YOU OUT OF THE COOLER! I'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN!

OWW! LAY OFF, TONY!

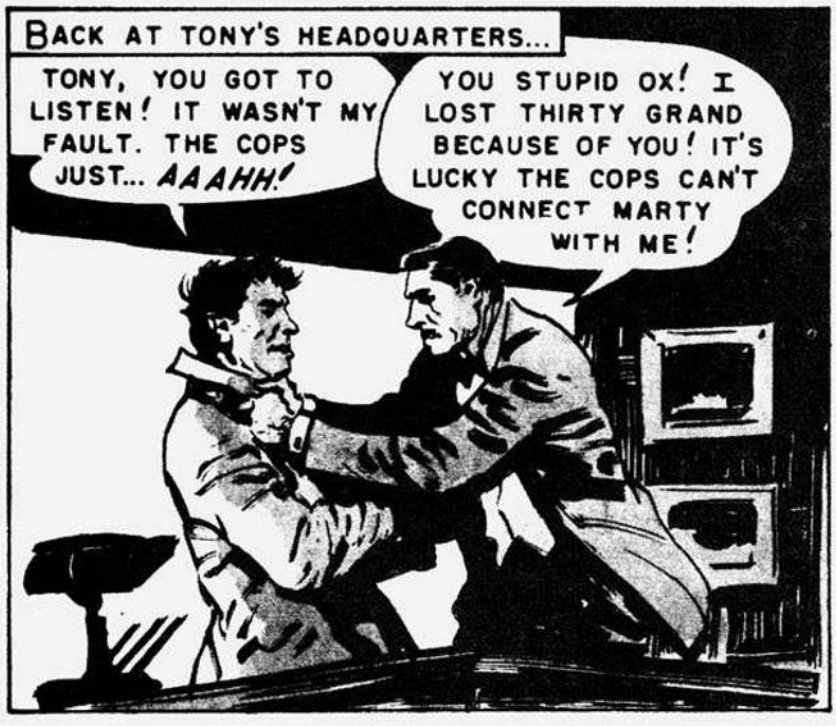
UNHH! CUT IT OUT, TONY, OR *I'LL KILL YOU!*

YOU AIN'T GOT THE GUTS! NOW, BEAT IT, BEFORE I REALLY GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO YELL ABOUT!

AND FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE WORKIN' FOR ME. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS! SO HELP ME, I'LL GET YA!
WITH TONY TO GIVE HIM ORDERS, BUD DID A LITTLE BETTER...
I GAVE YOU THE LAYOUT OF THE FUR STORAGE VAULTS AND ALL THE INFORMATION YOU'LL NEED. I DON'T WANT IT LOUSED UP.
DON'T WORRY. I AIN'T THE DUMMY YOU THINK I AM.
MAYBE NOT, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOW ME! NOW, GET GOIN'!
OKAY, OKAY! YOU'D THINK WE WERE HOLDING UP THE FIRST NATIONAL IN STEAD OF A CRUMMY FUR STORE!
TWO HOURS LATER...
KEEP QUIET AND YOU WON'T GET HURT. LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL, ALL OF YOU!
EEEEE!
OKAY, BOYS, GO TO WORK... DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY, YOU PEOPLE, I'M TRIGGER-HAPPY, SEE?
A HOLDUP!
MOMENTS LATER, THE GIRL CALLS THE POLICE...
THEY'RE STILL HERE! THEY DON'T KNOW I'M CALLING... ALL RIGHT...
THEN, AS THE THUGS LEAVE WITH THEIR LOOT...
THE COPS! HOW DID THEY FIND OUT?
DROP THE STUFF AND RUN!

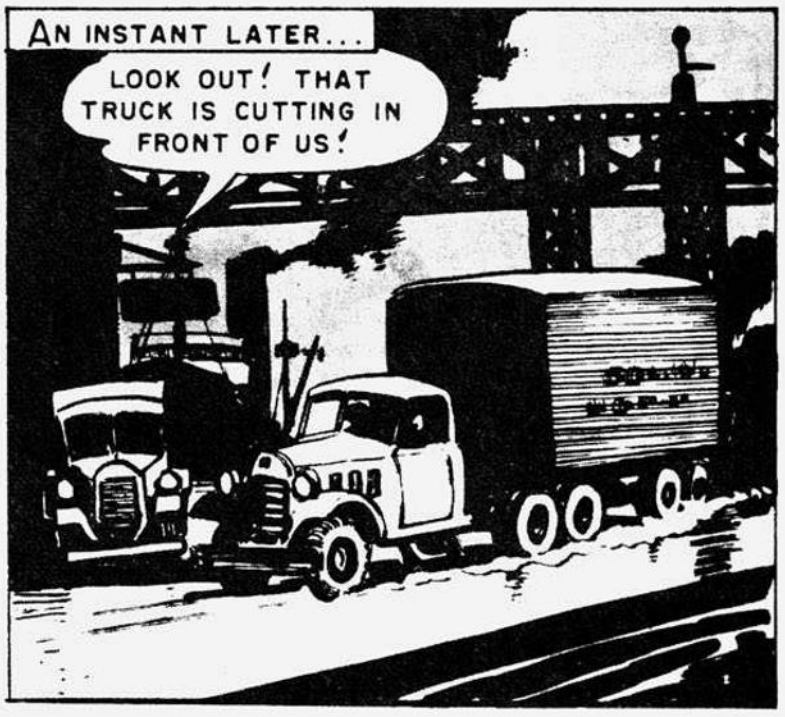
THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT ME! I'LL BE KILLED!
HALT!
RUN!

THEY GOT MARTY!
WAIT TILL TONY HEARS ABOUT THIS!


BACK AT TONY'S HEADQUARTERS...
TONY, YOU GOT TO LISTEN! IT WASN'T MY FAULT. THE COPS JUST... AAAHH!
YOU STUPID OX! I LOST THIRTY GRAND BECAUSE OF YOU! IT'S LUCKY THE COPS CAN'T CONNECT MARTY WITH ME!

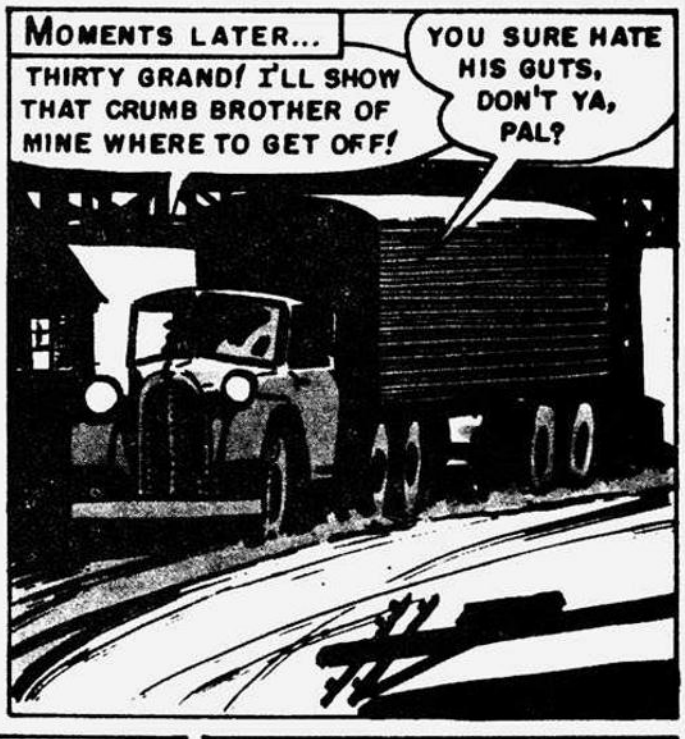
NOW, GET OUT OF HERE, AND STAY OUT! I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! I DON'T WANT NO DUMB OX LEADIN' THE COPS TO ME!
GASP... I'LL GET EVEN... WAIT AN' SEE!

BUD TURNED TO ROBBERY ON HIS OWN. THREE MONTHS LATER, IN FEB., 1935...
HERE THEY COME. YA SURE THIS'LL WORK?
THAT THING WON'T EVEN DENT THIS JOB! JUST HOLD ON! YOU THINK THAT CRUMMY BROTHER OF MINE IS THE ONLY ONE WITH IDEAS?


AN INSTANT LATER...
LOOK OUT! THAT TRUCK IS CUTTING IN FRONT OF US!

AS THE DRIVER AND HIS HELPER LIE HELPLESS, BUD AND THE OTHER THUG LOOT THE ARMORED CAR...
THIRTY GRAND! WHAT A HAUL! THIS'LL SHOW THAT SLOB TONY WHAT I CAN DO!
MY LEG! HELP ME! PLEASE!

I'LL HELP YOU!... MAYBE NOW YOU'LL STOP THAT YAMMERING!
AW, COME ON, WILL YA? YA DIDN'T HAVE TO BRAIN THE GUY!


MOMENTS LATER...
THIRTY GRAND! I'LL SHOW THAT CRUMB BROTHER OF MINE WHERE TO GET OFF!
YOU SURE HATE HIS GUTS, DON'T YA, PAL?

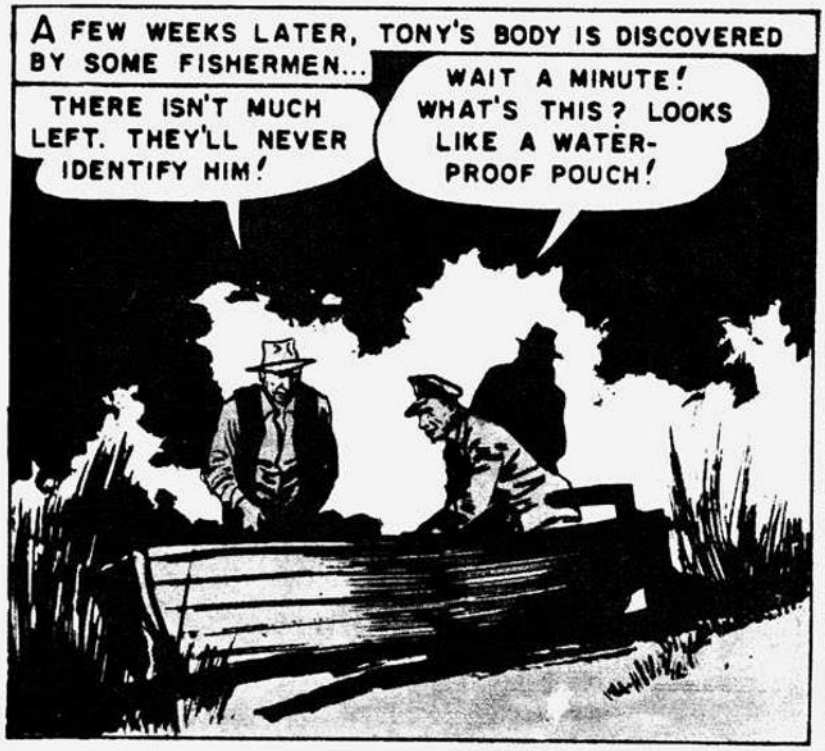
BUT BUD COULDN'T KEEP HIS BRAGGING MOUTH SHUT, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE F.B.I. WAS ON HIS TRAIL...
BABY, DOUGH DON'T WORRY ME. I'M LOADED! WHAT'S THIS?
THE F.B.I.! NOW, MOVE, THUG, WE'RE GOIN' DOWN TOWN!

BUT, HOW..?
YOUR BIG MOUTH LEFT A TRAIL A HALFWIT COULD TRACE!

A FEW MONTHS LATER...
...AND I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY.

IN 1945, TEN YEARS LATER, BUD WAS RELEASED ON PAROLE, STILL NURSING HIS HATRED FOR TONY...
WELL, GET A LOAD OF WHO'S HERE!
WHO'S THE DAME?
THIS IS MY WIFE, GLADYS. WE WERE MARRIED TWO YEARS AGO. SHE THOUGHT SHE'D GET MY DOUGH, BUT I TAUGHT HER DIFFERENT..! HUH, BABY?
HELLO... MY FRIENDS CALL ME RUSTY!
LISTEN, BABY, BUD AIN'T NO FRIEND OF YOURS--AND VICE VERSA! UNDERSTAND?
YOU SKUNK! I HATE YOU!
I SEE SHE HAS LOTS OF LOVE FOR YOU! WELL, GUESS I'D BETTER BE LEAVIN'. THANKS FOR NOTHIN', BROTHER!
THE NEXT DAY BUD CALLED RUSTY, AND BEFORE LONG THEY WERE MEETING FREQUENTLY...
I CAN'T STAND HIM, BUD! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM. WITH HIS DOUGH WE CAN REALLY LIVE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, RUSTY. I'D LIKE NOTHIN' BETTER THAN TO SEE THAT RAT DEAD!
THEN...THEN, WE'LL DO IT?
WE GOT TO BE CAREFUL. MURDER--IS A TOUGH RAP!
A FEW DAYS LATER....
YOU GOT THE GUN!
YEAH. I GAVE A GUY FIFTY BUCKS FOR IT, LIKE YOU SAID I SHOULD. WHEN IS HE COMIN' HOME?

A MOMENT LATER...
HERE HE IS NOW! GET BEHIND THESE DRAPES, QUICK!
AT LAST I'M GOIN' TO GET THAT RAT!
HIYA, BABY... WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK NERVOUS?
ME? I... I... THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER...
COME ON, BABY, SPILL IT!
TURN AROUND, BROTHER!
YOU! WHY, YOU DIRTY... UNHHH....
THIS IS FOR ALL THE TIMES YOU MADE ME LOOK LIKE A HALFWIT!
THEY DRAG TONY'S BODY TO THE REAR OF THE BUILDING AND STUFF IT INTO AN ASHCAN...
BABY, I'M SCARED! WHAT WILL WE DO ABOUT ALL THE BLOODSTAINS UPSTAIRS?
SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! I'LL REDECORATE! I CAN AFFORD IT, NOW!
AS THEY LOAD THE GRISLY CONTAINER INTO THE BACK OF RUSTY'S CAR...
I GOT A PERFECT SPOT TO DUMP IT IN THE MISSOURI.
HMPH! WONDER WHAT THEM TWO IS UP TO? WELL, NONE OF MY BUSINESS!
LATER, AT A LONELY BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE MISSOURI RIVER...
THERE HE GOES!
YEAH! GOOD RIDDANCE!


A FEW WEEKS LATER, TONY'S BODY IS DISCOVERED BY SOME FISHERMEN...
THERE ISN'T MUCH LEFT. THEY'LL NEVER IDENTIFY HIM!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A WATER-PROOF POUCH!

IT'S A LIQUOR PERMIT ISSUED TO TONY FENNER!
THE RACKETEER! LOOKS LIKE A GANG KILLING! BETTER CALL THE LIEUTENANT!

WITH TONY'S IDENTITY ESTABLISHED, THE POLICE BEGIN QUESTIONING EVERYONE WHO KNEW HIM...
HE WALKED OUT ON ME AND I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR FOUR WEEKS!
H'MM! NICE PLACE YOU GOT HERE... I SEE IT'S JUST BEEN REDECORATED!

FINALLY, THEY REACH THE JANITOR...
I SEEN THAT REDHEAD AN' A GUY LOAD AN ASHCAN INTO THEIR CAR-TRUNK. YES, IT WAS ABOUT A MONTH AGO!
SARGE, FIND THAT CAR AND CHECK! THERE MUST BE SOME EVIDENCE!

THE SERGEANT FOUND SOME BLOODSTAINS AND TONY'S TIE-PIN IN THE TRUNK OF RUSTY'S CAR...
LEAVE ME ALONE! HIS BROTHER, BUD, KILLED HIM...
AND YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! YOU'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME PROVING THAT TO A JURY!

LATER... RUSTY BROKE DOWN AN' TOLD US HOW YOU KILLED TONY...
SHE PLANNED IT! I'M NOT TAKIN' THE RAP FOR HER!
AND WITHIN SIX MONTHS THE TWO MURDERERS WERE FOUND GUILTY AND SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT...
END

BABY-FACE NELSON

HE HAD THE INNOCENT EXPRESSION OF A BABY IN HIS FACE, BUT HE WAS MORE DEADLY THAN A RATTLESNAKE---FOR A RATTLER GIVES A WARNING BEFORE IT STRIKES!

FROM THE TIME HE WAS THIRTEEN, LESTER GILLIS HAD BEEN IN AND OUT OF REFORM SCHOOL! NOW, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN...

WITHIN THE NEXT THREE YEARS, GILLIS ACQUIRED A WIFE...

LESTER GILLIS' NEEDS WERE SIMPLE FOR HIS JOB'A GUN AND PLENTY OF AMMUNITION'
MR. NELSON, TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT, YOU SIGN.. WHA...?
NEVER MIND, THIS IS A STICK-UP!
CLANNG!
I WARNED YOU!
AIYYY!
BANG!
IN THE FEW MINUTES IT TOOK THE POLICE TO ARRIVE, THE BANDIT HAD DISAPPEARED...
HE LOOKED YOUNG, AND CARRIED A BRIEF CASE!
NO, HE HAD A PAPER BAG!
YOU'RE BOTH WRONG, HE HAD A BLACK BAG!
THE BANK EXECUTIVE DID NOT DIE... HE WAS ABLE TO BE INTERVIEWED BY POLICE AND PRESS...
THE BANDIT HAD THE INNOCENT FACE OF A BABY! HE SAID HIS NAME WAS NELSON!
THAT'S A GOOD NAME FOR HIM... BABY-FACE NELSON!
ONE LOUSY PARAGRAPH ON THE *INSIDE* OF THE SHEET! THAT'S ALL THEY GAVE ME!
"BABY-FACE NELSON, A YOUNG MAN WITH AN INNOCENT BABY-LIKE EXPRESSION, HELD UP THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK TODAY FOR $ 2,000". WHY, I THINK THAT'S VERY FUNNY!
OH, YOU DO, DO YOU!
OHH... OHH!
BABY-FACE NELSON, EH! I'LL MAKE IT A NAME THAT'LL MAKE PEOPLE SHUDDER WHEN THEY HEAR IT!
ALL RIGHT, ONLY DON'T HIT ME AGAIN— PLEASE!

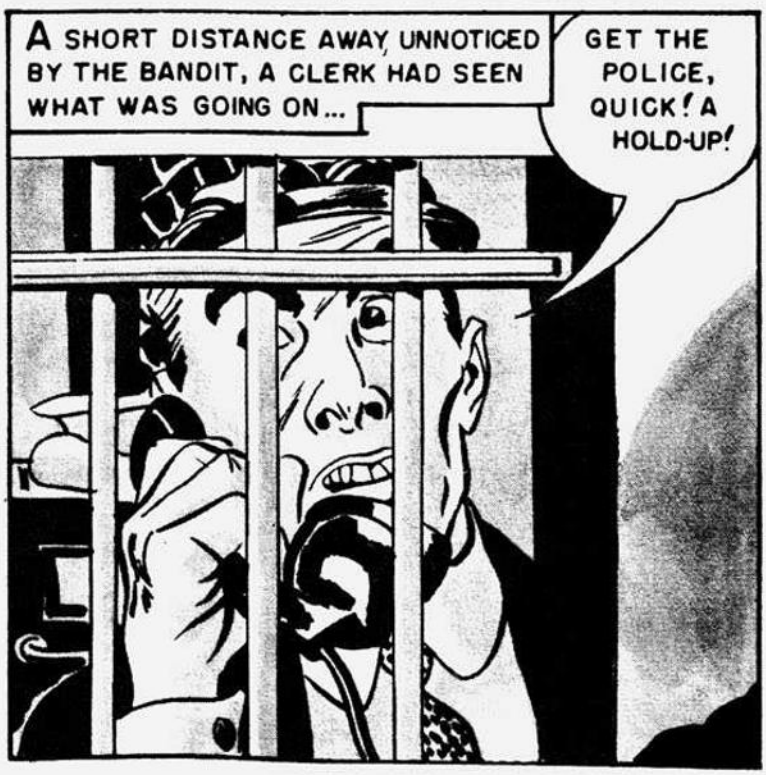
FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS GILLIS WORKED HARD TO BECOME A BIG-TIME CRIMINAL... HE ROBBED --
BANKS
JEWELRY STORES
AND -- HOMES...

THEN, IN 1931, IN A BANK JUST OUTSIDE CHICAGO...
I'M HERE TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT!
FINE. HAVE A CHAIR, SIR!

THEN AS THE NEW CUSTOMER SAT COMFORTABLY IN HIS CHAIR, THE OUTLINE OF HIS GUN CAUGHT THE EYE OF THE BANK OFFICER...

WILL YOU PARDON ME, JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE?
OH, NO YOU DON'T. YOU'RE NOT PHONING ANY BULLS!

WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?
IF YOU MUST KNOW, I THINK YOU'RE A FOOL TO IMAGINE YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS...


A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, UNNOTICED BY THE BANDIT, A CLERK HAD SEEN WHAT WAS GOING ON...
GET THE POLICE, QUICK! A HOLD-UP!

BABY-FACE WORKED FAST, ORDERING THE EMPLOYEES OF THE BANK TO FACE THE WALL...
DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU!
THE SAME GOES FOR YOU, BABY-FACE NELSON!
BANG
COPS!... UHH...
BANG
BANG
BABY-FACE NELSON RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS, AND FINALLY...
LESTER GILLIS, I SENTENCE YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN JOLIET PENITENTIARY...
OH, LES! OH-H-H!
WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME?
YOU FIGURE IT OUT. HOW WOULD I KNOW?
ON THE WAY TO JOLIET PRISON...
HOLD THAT PAPER UP, WILL YOU? I WANT TO SEE WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT ME!
OKAY, BABY-FACE. BUT YOU WON'T LIKE WHAT YOU READ.
DILLINGER GETS THE WHOLE PAGE! ME, THEY STICK ONLY IN ONE LOUSY COLUMN!
YOU'VE GOT A FUNNY TWIST IN YOUR BRAIN. BUT YOU'LL HAVE A LIFETIME TO UNSNARL IT.
NEWS
DILLINGER STILL BEING HUNTED!
I'LL GET OUT OF THAT LOUSY JAIL! AND WHEN I DO... THEY'LL KNOW WHO BABY-FACE NELSON IS.

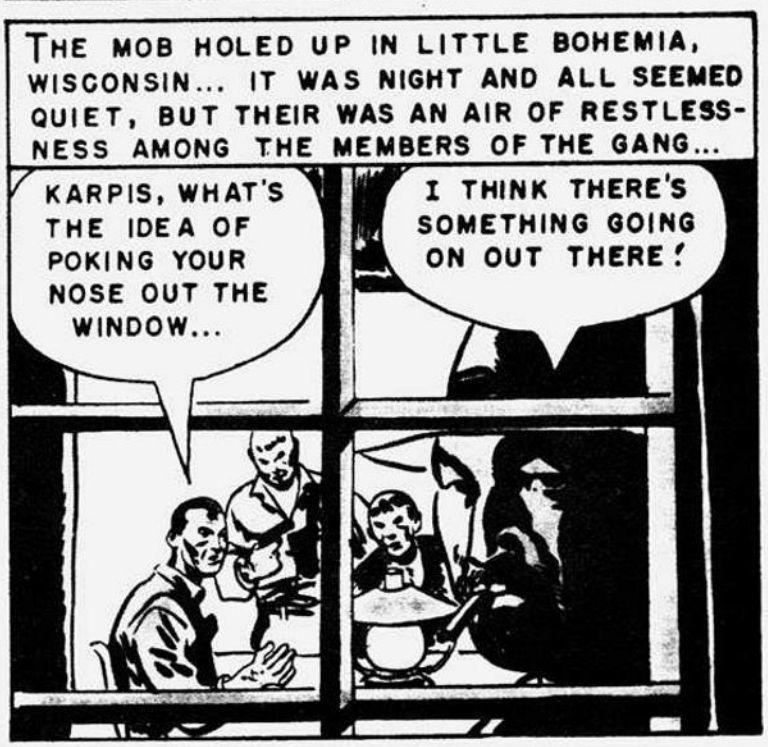
IT WAS DARK WHEN THEY ARRIVED
HERE'S YOUR PRISONER, WARDEN.
HE'LL BE WELL GUARDED.
YOU GO IN FIRST, GILLIS.
DRIVE STRAIGHT TO THE PRISON, GUARD.
YES, SIR!
BUT EVEN BEFORE THE WARDEN HAD SEATED HIMSELF INSIDE THE CAR...
YOU'LL GO WHERE I TELL YOU TO! AND IF YOU TRY ANYTHING FUNNY I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, GILLIS!
THE CAR WAS DRIVEN OUT ON A LONELY ROAD. THEN...
ALL RIGHT! START RUNNING! SEE IF YOU CAN TRAVEL FASTER THAN A BULLET!
WE HAVE A FIFTY-FIFTY CHANCE, WARDEN! I EMPTIED MY GUN WHILE I WAS DRIVING OUT HERE!
LET'S HOPE HE TRIES THAT ONE FIRST!
WHY THAT LOUSY.... EMPTY!
CLICK!
SO THEY GOT AWAY! I'LL BE MILES AWAY BEFORE THEY GET BACK TO TOWN TO SPREAD AN ALARM!

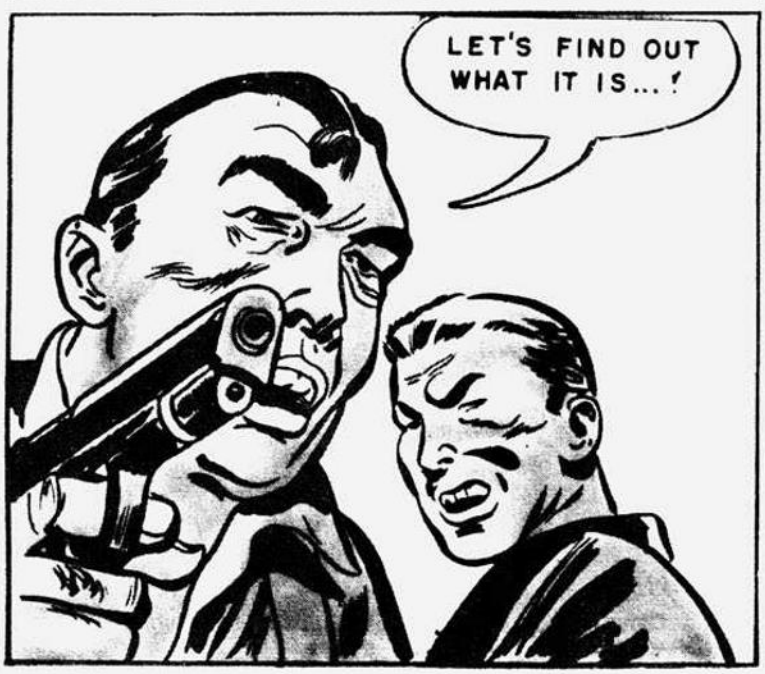
BABY-FACE NELSON ESCAPED THE TALONS OF THE LAW THAT WERE SPREAD OUT OVER FIVE STATES. AND, A SHORT TIME LATER...
BABY-FACE NELSON? YEAH, I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU. WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?
I'M ON THE LAM, DILLINGER, SAME AS YOU ARE. I FIGURE WE COULD WORK TOGETHER!

IT WAS A MURDEROUS PARTNERSHIP...
THE MORE PEOPLE I CUT DOWN, THE LESS WITNESSES THERE WILL BE!

THERE'S ONE MORE COP OUT OF BUSINESS!

THE KILL-CRAZY COMBINATION HAD GONE TOO FAR... NOW THE F.B.I. WAS ON THEIR TRAIL...
WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO GET THAT GANG, DEAD OR ALIVE!


THE MOB HOLED UP IN LITTLE BOHEMIA, WISCONSIN... IT WAS NIGHT AND ALL SEEMED QUIET, BUT THEIR WAS AN AIR OF RESTLESSNESS AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE GANG...
KARPIS, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF POKING YOUR NOSE OUT THE WINDOW...
I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON OUT THERE!


LET'S FIND OUT WHAT IT IS...!

I'LL BLAST ANYBODY THAT'S PROWLING AROUND HERE!
I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT, NELSON! THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED!

WHY...YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!
WE'LL BLAST OUR WAY OUT OF HERE! COME ON... GET THE CARS!
THE MOB HAD A HEAD START AND FOR THE MOMENT ESCAPED...
AFTER HIS RUTHLESS MURDER OF FEDERAL AGENT, W. CARTER BAUM, BABY-FACE NELSON HAD GONE OFF ALONE. FOR DAYS HE HID OUT IN THE WISCONSIN FOREST...
I'M STARVING TO DEATH! I HAVE TO GET HOME... GET FOOD...
AND THEN ONE NIGHT...
LES! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M HOME, BABY!
YOU'RE WANTED ALL OVER!...BUT I LOVE YOU! I WON'T GO BACK ON YOU NOW!
GET ME SOME FOOD, BABY! AND A BED...THEN WE'LL LAM OUT TOGETHER!
AND SO...
WHERE'S IT GOING TO END! ALWAYS RUNNING AWAY! I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN CHICAGO!
I WISH YOU HAD. I GOT TROUBLES ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU NAGGING AT ME!

IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS NELSON LIVED AT THE POINT OF HIS GUN, KILLING, STEALING. AND ONE DAY...
WELL YOU FINALLY MADE THE HEADLINES!
PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER 1! IT'S ABOUT TIME!
DAILY • PRESS
PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1
NELSON
ON NOVEMBER 28, 1934, TWO F.B.I. MEN, HERMAN E. HOLLIS AND SAMUEL P. CROWLEY, WERE RIDING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CHICAGO...
LOOK! DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT WAS? BABY-FACE NELSON!
STEP ON IT, SAM! WE MAY BE ABLE TO GET HIM!
IT WAS ONE OF THE BLOODIEST FIGHTS EVER ENACTED, AND YET IT LASTED ONLY SIX MINUTES. THE F. B. I. MEN, MORTALLY WOUNDED, FIRED OVER SIXTY SHOTS AT BABY-FACE NELSON...
MY GUN'S...EMPTY... I GUESS THIS IS IT...
WE'VE GOT HIM, TOO...HE'S...UH...
I KILLED BOTH THOSE LOUSY COPS!
YEAH? AND WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? THOSE HOLES IN YOU AREN'T JUST PIN PRICKS.
THAT NIGHT, IN THE SHADOWS OF DARKNESS, A CAR SLOWED DOWN ON THE HIGHWAY. A DOOR OPENED AND A BODY WAS PUSHED OUT!
NEXT DAY...
IT'S BABY-FACE NELSON, ALL RIGHT. LOOKS LIKE EVEN HIS WIFE DIDN'T WANT HIS CORPSE HANGING AROUND.
TOUGH, THAT MEN LIKE HOLLIS AND CROWLEY HAD TO DIE KNOCKING OFF A RAT LIKE HIM. BUT AT LEAST THEY DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN.
AND SO BABY-FACE NELSON HIT HIS BIGGEST HEADLINES AND HIS LAST...HEADLINES THAT WOULD MAKE THOUSANDS REJOICE KNOWING THAT FINALLY HE WAS DEAD...THAT HE WOULD NO LONGER BRING SORROW INTO HONEST HOMES...

THE MOLE

As the cell door clanged shut and the echoing footsteps of the guards died away down the long corridor, Killer Jensen turned and looked about him. Through a narrow grating in the ceiling came a thin shaft of pallid light, allowing him to see the confines of the dismal room he had been thrown into. With a muttered curse he took in the damp walls, the miserable bed in one corner, the tiny stool, and the solid iron door with its tiny peephole.

The boys had warned him of what happened to trouble makers. What they had told him wasn't as bad as the actuality. This was solitary, the oldest part of the prison; over a hundred and fifty years old one of them had said.

Once you were sent down here you were through. He had seen men go down hard and strong. Then he had seen them come out, white of hair, grey of face and strangely silent. Men, broken in spirit and body.

"So what," he thought, "They ain't gonna get me! Those mugs weren't hard like I am. They just didn't have the guts. I didn't knock off six guys for nothin'. I ain't afraid of no one."

He began to look around more carefully. You never could tell. There was a way out of anything if you only watched and waited for your chance. He knew that.

Take those killings. By right he should have been frying in the hot seat by now, but a legal technicality had saved him. He had gotten life instead and while there was life there was hope.

It wasn't long before he was forced to admit that down here in the "hole" there wasn't much room for hope. The walls, made of solid blocks of rough granite, leered at him damply as he sank down on the hard bunk, the cold finger of panic beginning to prod at his heart.

A sudden burst of anger took hold of him. They couldn't do this to Killer Jensen! Just let him get hold of a rod and he'd show 'em! Put an equalizer in his hand and he'd mow 'em down! His anger began to mount and the blood throb in his temples.

In a blind rage he drew back his fist and smashed it with all his might against the solid rock of the wall behind the bunk.

With a shriek of pain and a sting of curses he leapt to his feet holding his injured hand close to his body in an effort to stop the throbbing hurt. Suddenly he stopped short. It couldn't be! He must be dreaming!

His pain and anger forgotten he flung himself down on the bed and began a closer scrutinization of the stone blocks behind it. Inch by inch he began to feel around the block he had hit. He couldn't be going crazy already. He was sure of it. When his fist had crashed against its solid surface the block had moved!

It must be true! With beating heart he pushed and prodded. It was true! *The block was loose!* The cement around its edges crumbled away at the slightest touch.

Carefully he collected each tiny bit of broken mortar and carefully deposited it on the center of the bed. He knew he had several hours before the guard would return with his supper. Until then he would be unobserved. His only problem would be to get rid of the debris.

If he could get the block loose he might be able to make a tunnel, a tunnel to freedom. It just proved what he had always said, "If you watched and waited there was a way out of everything. Nobody could hold Killer Jensen!"

An hour passed and the cement was gone around the block. It jiggled easily when he rocked it. Somehow it reminded him of a

huge loose tooth. Now he noticed something else that excited him even more. Through the crack around the block a cold draught of fresh air was seeping through! Behind that block there must be a passage of some sort! A passage to liberty, to life!

He redoubled his efforts and little by little that block began to work loose. Would there really be a passage? What lay behind it? In a moment he would know.

There was a slight grating sound and the heavy block slid out of its place in the once impregnable wall. He scarcely dared look at what was revealed to him. Then with a low cry of exultation he fell to his knees before the opening. Before him was a tunnel large enough to allow a good sized man through its confines, if he crawled on his hands and knees.

What a stroke of luck! In his mind's eye he could see some long dead prisoner, digging, digging, day after day, week after week slowly, working his way through the earth ever nearer and nearer to his prize. Then one day a shower of loose dirt and light! Another hurried, frenzied bit of tunneling and like a mole he had come out into the upper world a free man.

How those guards must have shouted in rage when they found he was gone. How his new guards would grind their teeth when they found him gone the same way! It was a stroke of luck that they hadn't bothered to fill the tunnel, but had merely cemented the granite block back into place.

It was all he could do to bring himself to start immediately. It would be better to wait till after lights out when the prison slept. Now it would be better to replace the stone and wait. With a grunt he managed to push the block back into place and then, after cleaning every shred of crumbled cement from the floor and hiding it beneath his blankets, he lay down to wait.

The guard came with his frugal meal of bread and water and Jensen, every nerve tensed, could hardly bring himself to eat it. Finally the guard returned for his plate and cup and Jenson settled down to wait again.

Each minute was like an hour, every hour like a day. His taut nerves were almost ready to snap. There was almost an hour to go before lights out when he could no longer stand it. Hurrying over to the wall he began to frantically tug at the loose block. He was safe from the scrutiny of the guards. Down here they didn't even bother to look. It didn't make any difference, they thought. He chuckled grimly to himself. They were going to find out that it did make a difference, a big one.

Once again the block slid out onto the floor. With bated breath he dropped to his hands and knees and crawled in. Slowly he crept forward into the blackness and then faster and faster.

The tunnel was well made and seemed to go in a straight line, or did it? The curving sides and pitch blackness made it hard to decide. On and on he went. His knees began to grow sore, his hands blistered. Still on and one he went. It didn't matter to him. Somewhere at the end lay freedom and escape.

Suddenly with a resounding whack his head came up against a hard surface. For a moment his heart stopped beating He had reached the end of the burrow.

Cautiously he put his hands out and felt a solid stone surface. Was he going to be stopped like this after the bait of freedom had been dangled so enticingly before him? He put his strong shoulder against it and shoved. It gave slightly. He gave an audible sigh of relief. He knew now that he could get out.

He shoved again, harder this time. The stone moved a little more. Still again he shoved, putting every ounce of strength into his effort. The stone went forward and through an ever widening crack came a glimmer of light. He had made it! He was free!

A final push and the opening was clear. With a triumphant laugh he thrust his head and shoulders out through the hole. Killer Jensen had done it again!

Then it was that Killer Jensen began to beat his head slowly and methodically against the stone floor beneath him. *The tunnel led back to his own cell!*

They found him the next morning quietly babbling to himself. And as they led him away the guards noticed that his hair had turned white.

WALTER LEGENZA and the TRI-STATE GANG!

MOST CRIMINALS ARE COWARDS TO THE CORE--AND MANY OF THEM ARE STUPID AND IGNORANT--BUT ***WALTER LEGENZA***, ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS KILLERS THAT EVER LIVED, WAS A ***CRUEL, CALCULATING*** GANGSTER THAT KNEW NO PARALLEL! HE LIVED BY TWO MOTTOS: "*NO DEAD MEN EVER SQUEAL!*"-AND "*ALL WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS!*" WITH HIS ORGANIZATION OF MURDERERS, THE FEARED ***TRI-STATE GANG***, LEGENZA THOUGHT HE RULED THE ROOST--UNTIL JUSTICE STAMPED HIM OUT, LIKE IT DOES ***ALL*** VERMIN WHO WOULD LIVE ON ***CRIME!***

LITTLE DID THE WARDEN KNOW HOW RIGHT HE WAS! DURING THE MANY MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, LEGENZA MADE FRIENDS WITH TWO OF THE SMARTEST INMATES IN THE REFORMATORY -- BIG BILL PHILIPS AND GUY KENDRICK!...

IT'LL ALL WORK OUT, I TELL YOU -- WE *CAN'T* MISS!...

ONE NIGHT IN THE FALL OF 1933, BYRON SIMMS, AN UNUSUALLY TOUGH GUARD, RAN TO INVESTIGATE A FIGHT AMONG THE INMATES...

I'LL KNOCK YOUR TEETH OUT, PUNK!

HEY! CUT THAT *OUT!*

YOU STOP IT, SUCKER! ALL RIGHT, BOYS -- GRAB HIS KEYS--

CRACK

YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, LEGENZA!-

I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT *RIGHT HERE* IF YOU DON'T DO AS I SAY! KEEP ON HOLLERING ABOUT BREAKING UP OUR FIGHT -- *COME ON!*

WHILE THE GUARD YELLED HIS LUNGS OUT, PHILIPS AND KENDRICK MADE THEIR WAY TO THE WARDEN'S CAR, AND, IN A FEW MINUTES...

OKAY, CARUSO! GET IN THE CAR--

LEGENZA -- *THE ALARM!* THEY *KNOW!* -- WE'LL BE *KILLED!*

WHOO

BUT LEGENZA AND HIS COHORTS WERE NOT KILLED! THE CRIMINALS DROVE UNTIL THEY WERE IN THE CLEAR-THEN...

WALT -- GET RID OF THE BULL!

RIGHT YOU ARE! OKAY, BOSCO -- *OUT YOU GO!*

I GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, WALT! WE MAY BE SMOOTH -- BUT YOU'RE *TOPS!*

I'M GLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY, GUY! -- 'CAUSE FROM NOW ON -- WE THREE STICK TOGETHER!

THE ESCAPEES MADE THEIR WAY TO PHILIDELPHIA WHERE THEY CONTACTED ROBERT MAIS, A SECOND-RATE GAMBLER, LEGENZA'S FRIEND...

-THIS IS THE LIFE! I FEEL LIKE A MILLION! AHHHH...

WELL, DON'T GET SO COCKY, BIG BOY!... WE ONLY GOT FOUR BUCKS AMONG THE FIVE OF US-!

AW, SHUT UP, EVIE!-

SHE'S RIGHT, BOB! BUT WE'LL SOON FIX THAT! I GOT SOMETHING BIG PLANNED! NO BANK HOISTS OR KIDNAPPINGS FOR US -- SOMETHING BETTER!-

THAT "SOMETHING BETTER" TURNED OUT TO BE ... HIJACKING! ONE WINTER NIGHT, ON HIGHWAY 12...

WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'? ULP--!

OKAY-- REACH!

TRUCKING

Y-YOU'RE NOT GOING TO K-KILL US--? N-NO!- GLUHH...

SORRY, PAL! NO DEAD MAN EVER SQUEALS!

WALT-- WHAT FOR? WE COULD HAVE LET THEM GO...

YEAH- AND WORRY ABOUT THE COPS AFTER-WARDS? COME ON-- GET THE STUFF LOADED! WE GOT A SCHEDULE!

THE SCHEDULE WAS TO ROB A TRUCK EVERY TWO NIGHTS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE STATE--

A YEAR PASSED, AND WALTER LEGENZA WAXED RICH. KENDRICK, THE MAISES -- EVEN PHILIPS -- BEGAN TO RELAX AND CONSIDER THEMSELVES IMPORTANT! BUT THEIR LEADER REMAINED COLD, IMPASSIVE, AND AS CUNNING AS EVER...

C'MON, WALT -- UNBEND, WILL YA? -

HE CAN'T, GUY! LOOK- PHILIPS WENT AND GOT HIMSELF MARRIED! --

WALT -- FOLKS -- I WANT YOU TO MEET MY WIFE -- ELIZABETH FONTAINE PHILIPS -! SHE'S FROM CANADA...

OH -- I 'AVE EARD *SO* MUCH ABOUT YOU! NOW I WEEL BE WEETH YOU WHEN YOU GO ON YOUR BUSINESS TRIPS!

SAY - DID THAT BIG JERK TELL HER -- ABOUT *US?*

ALL WOMEN ARE DANGER- OUS! I DON'T LIKE IT! I DON'T LIKE IT, *AT ALL!*

SOON, LEGENZA EXPANDED HIS ACTIVITIES -

YOU GUYS AREN'T DEALING WITH JUST TRUCK DRIVERS NOW! THIS IS HAGEN'S TERRITORY... IF HE FINDS OUT YOU'VE HI-JACKED HIS BOOZE --

HE WON'T, BUSTER! *I'LL* SEE TO *THAT!* -

WE DELIVER ANYWHERE

FROM NOW ON, DON'T EVEN LET THESE GUYS TALK TO YOU! WE HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME!

GRUH.

THE OCTOPUS THAT WAS LEGENZA'S TERROR ORGANIZATION SPREAD TO THREE STATES -- ALWAYS IT WOULD STRIKE WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY LEAVING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE! SLOWLY, FROM THE WHISPERS OF THE UNDERWORLD, CAME A TITLE THAT STUCK TO ITS MEMBERS --

THE TRI-STATE GANG!!

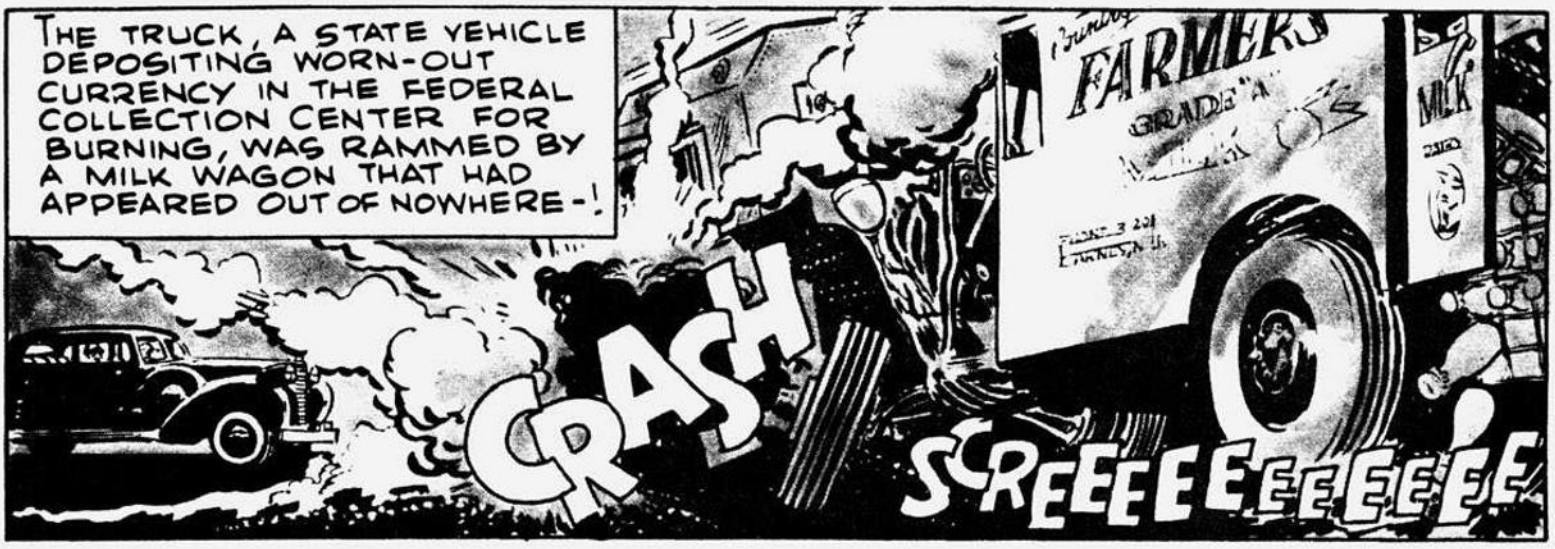
PENNSYLVANIA

MARYLAND

VIRGINIA

NOW LEGENZA WAS READY FOR A DIFFERENT JOB! -- ON AUGUST 7, 1935, TWO MEN SAT IN A SEDAN WATCHING THE APPROACH OF AN INTER-STATE COMMERCE TRUCK...

ALL RIGHT -- *HERE IT COMES!* SIGNAL BILL AND GUY TO STAND BY -!

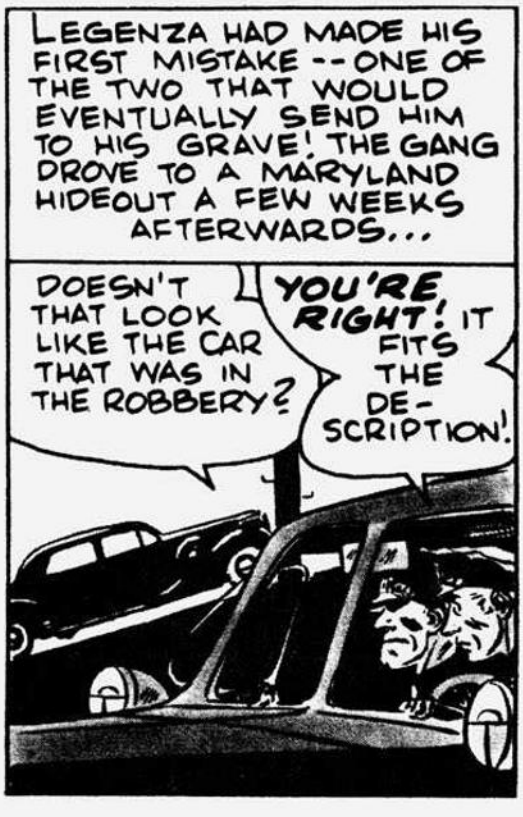

THE TRUCK, A STATE VEHICLE DEPOSITING WORN-OUT CURRENCY IN THE FEDERAL COLLECTION CENTER FOR BURNING, WAS RAMMED BY A MILK WAGON THAT HAD APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE-!
FARMERS
GRADE "A"
MILK
CRASH
SCREEEEEEEEEEEE

WHO TAUGHT YOU HOW TO DRIVE? THE LIGHTS WERE AGAINST YOU!
SHUT UP! AND GET AGAINST THE TRUCK!
INTER-

AND BEFORE THE STARTLED GUARD COULD ACT, LEGENZA AND MAIS DROVE UP--
OKAY-- THIS IS A STICK-UP! OPEN THE DOOR!
ALL RIGHT-- I'VE GOT TO USE THIS KEY TO TURN THE CATCH-- JUST A MINUTE...

LOOK OUT! THEY'RE GOING FOR THEIR GUNS!
WHY YOU--

THOSE DIRTY :@:#:=mm!! CUT THE DOUGH IN HALF! THIS STUFF'S WORTHLESS! WE PULLED THIS HAUL FOR NOTHING!!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! QUICK!


LEGENZA HAD MADE HIS FIRST MISTAKE -- ONE OF THE TWO THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY SEND HIM TO HIS GRAVE! THE GANG DROVE TO A MARYLAND HIDEOUT A FEW WEEKS AFTERWARDS...
DOESN'T THAT LOOK LIKE THE CAR THAT WAS IN THE ROBBERY?
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT FITS THE DE-SCRIPTION!

PHONE HEADQUARTERS! I'LL WAIT FOR YOU HERE! WHOEVER TRIES TO START THIS CAR IS GOING TO HAVE A HARD TIME DOING IT WITHOUT THE IGNITION WIRES!
RIGHT!--

BUT BEFORE HELP COULD ARRIVE, WALTER LEGENZA AND BIG BILL PHILIPS STEPPED OUT OF ONE OF THE NEARBY TENEMENTS...

GET YOUR WIFE AND MEET ME AT THE STATION. WE'RE HOT!

WALT-- WATCH IT! THERE'S A COP!-

STOP!

WALT... I-I'M SHOT!- HELP-- ME... HELP...

BUT THE GANG LEADER HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE NIGHT! TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE APARTMENT OF ROBERT AND EVIE MAIS...

PHILIPS WAS A DOPE! HE SHOULD'VE GOTTEN RID OF THAT CAR! AS FOR HIS WIFE--GET *RID* OF HER! I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT--!

OKAY-- LEAVE IT TO *ME!*

IN THE HEAT OF THE ARGUMENT ON HOW TO KILL PHILIPS' WIFE, MAIS DID NOT NOTICE THE GIRL HAD SNEAKED INTO THE BACK ROOM...

I MUST ESCAPE! THEES PEOPLE ARE *KILLERS!* A-AND BEEL WAS ONE TOO! H-HE NEVAIR TOLD ME... :SOB:

FORTUNE SMILED UPON ELIZABETH FONTAINE ONE MOMENT-- BUT IT FROWNED THE NEXT-- FOR AS THE GIRL RAN DOWN THE STREET; LEGENZA TURNED THE CORNER!!

OHH-H-- HE EES GAINING ON ME!

COME BACK, YOU!-

JUST THEN, A PROWL-CAR INVESTIGATING THE SHOTS RESCUED THE GIRL WHILE LEGENZA BEAT A HASTY RETREAT. THEN, WHEN THE DISGUISED GANG TRIED KILLING ELIZABETH FONTAINE IN THE HOSPITAL TO WHICH SHE WAS ADMITTED...

OKAY, LEGENZA-- WE *KNEW* YOU'D TRY IT! *YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!*

TAKEN TO THE RICHMOND, VA. JAIL TO AWAIT TRIAL, LEGENZA AND GANG WERE STAMPED OUT OF BUSINESS! BUT THE AUTHORITIES HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT EVIE MAIS!

GOOD OLD EVIE! HERE ARE THE LAST OF THE GUN PARTS SHE SENT ME IN THE CAKE!

ASSEMBLING THE SMUGGLED MECHANISMS OF A GUN THAT NIGHT, WALTER LEGENZA AND HIS COMPANIONS BLASTED THEIR WAY OUT TO FREEDOM!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY! GET THE KEYS TO THEIR CAR!

RIGHT!

BUT BEFORE THEY COULD GET FAR, THE ESCAPE WAS DISCOVERED!-

WALT--PUFF, PUFF... THEY'LL GET US *SURE!*

NO--FOLLOW ME! GET IN ONE OF THOSE ROW BOATS!

WHEEEEEOOOOO

W-WHERE ARE WE GOING?

COME ON--ROW! *ROW!* DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! IF WE MAKE THAT BEND, WE'LL BE IN WASHINGTON. THEN WE CAN LOSE OURSELVES IN THE CROWD!

ONCE AGAIN, LEGENZA HAD PROVEN HIMSELF A CRAFTY ADVERSARY OF THE LAW! BUT CRAFTY AS HE WAS, JUSTICE WAS RELENTLESS! IN THE F.B.I. OFFICE IN WASHINGTON...

ELIZABETH FONTAINE JUST GAVE US THE LAST OF LEGENZA'S HIDEOUTS THAT SHE REMEMBERED! ALERT ALL UNITS!

YES, SIR!

COUNTING ON THE CHANCE THAT LEGENZA WOULD HIDE WHERE ELIZABETH MAIS WAS SUPPOSEDLY LIVING IN SECRET, THE AUTHORITIES WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE TRI-STATE GANG'S LAST MISTAKE...

HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE GETTING OUT OF THE TRAIN...!

LET'S BLOW THIS BURG WHILE THE GOING IS GOOD! THAT FONTAINE DAME MIGHT SQUEAL!

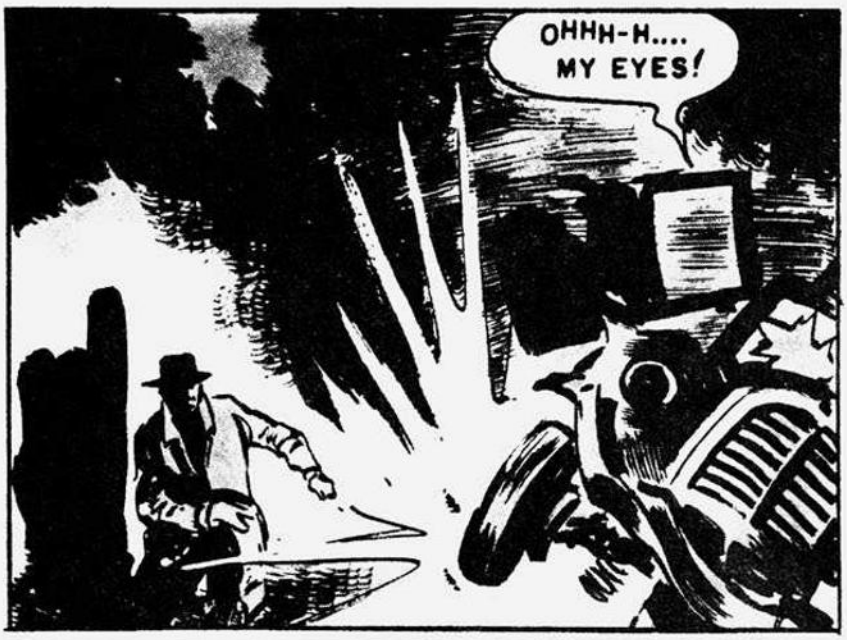
YEAH-- MAYBE YOU'RE-

PUT UP YOUR HANDS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!

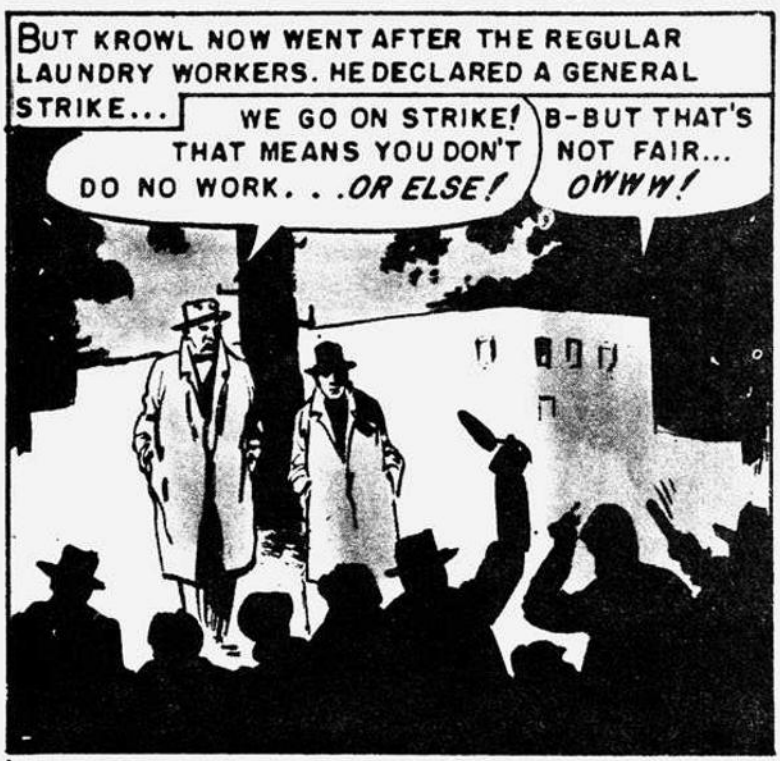
WALT--THE FEDS!
NO LOUSY COPPERS CAN HOODWINK ME!
BLAM
B'LAM
EVIE--CATCH! BREAK OPEN THOSE CLIPS! GUY--BOB!--GET BEHIND THOSE PILLARS!
NOT ME! I'M GETTING OUT--RIGHT NOW!-
PING
BLAM
GUY--COME BACK! THE TRAIN--IT'S BEHIND YOU!
ZZZZZ
OOOHH...HE TOUCHED THE THIRD RAIL!
DOWN THESE STEPS! WE CAN MAKE IT!-
BUT THIS TIME, LEGENZA WAS WRONG!
BOB! WALT--WALT... HE'S HURT!-
EVIE! THROW ME ANOTHER CLIP!-I'M--I'M OUT OF BULLETS!
CLICK
CLICK
THE HARDENED TOUGH GUY SUDDENLY TURNED INTO A FRIGHTENED MAN!...
LET ME GO!-I'LL--
YOU'LL DO NOTHING, LEGENZA! YOU'RE THROUGH! ALL RIGHT, MEN--GRAB THE OTHERS--WE WANT THEM ALL ALIVE!
WEEKS LATER, IN THE U.S. FEDERAL COURT...
WALTER LEGENZA AND ROBERT MAIS-YOU ARE SENTENCED TO DEATH BY ELECTROCUTION!
N-NO! PLEASE--GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE--I NEVER MEANT ANY HARM--PLEASE...
EVIE MAIS WAS SENT TO WOMEN'S PRISON FOR A LONG TERM. SO ENDED THE BLOODY BIOGRAPHY OF THE TRI-STATE GANG-FORMED IN VIOLENCE--CLOSED IN DEATH!!

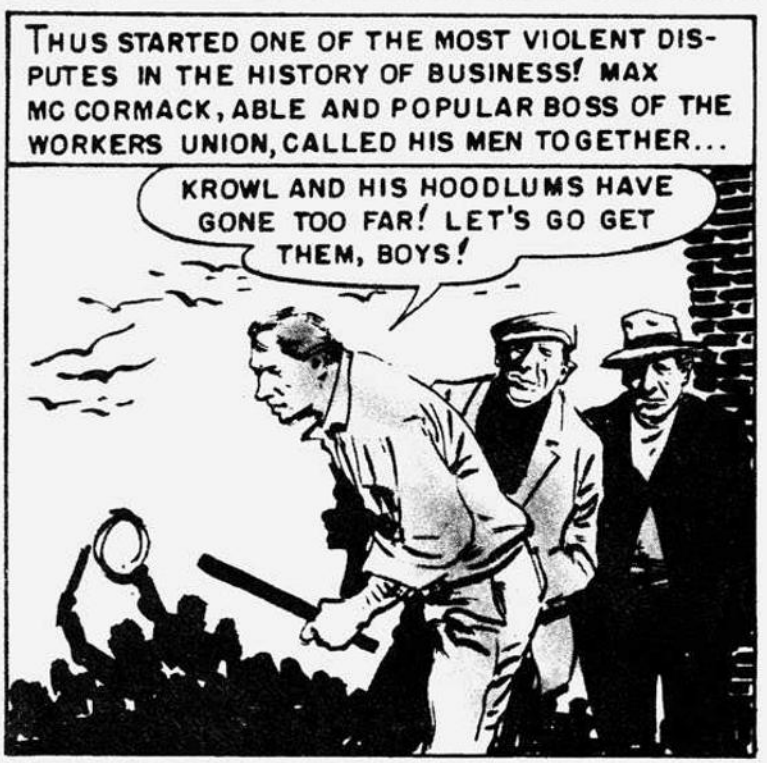
GEORGE KROWL and the Big City Murder Mob

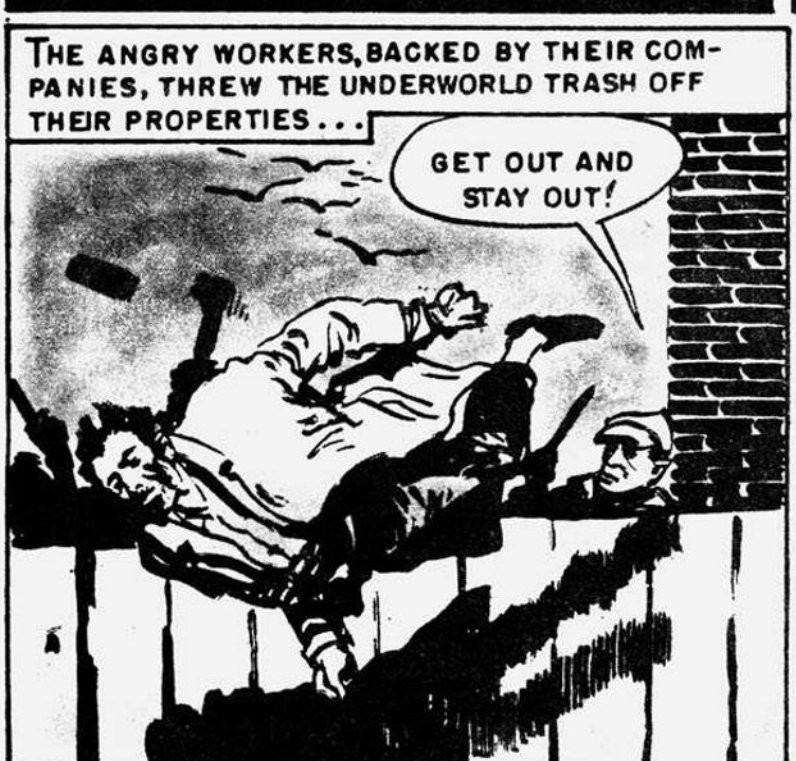
THE ROUTE UNION REPRESENTED TRUCKERS FOR A GROUP OF LAUNDRIES. THEY HAD HAD NO SERIOUS LABOR DISPUTES. NOW THINGS CHANGED...
OKAY, PAL! CLIMB DOWN FROM THE CAB!
YOU AIN'T GOIN' NO PLACE!
SAY... WHAT IS THIS? WHO ARE YOU?
WE'LL DO THE QUESTIONIN' AROUND HERE, WISE GUY!
HOLD IT... OR YOU WON'T BREATH AGAIN!
THIS... IS... JUST TO SHOW YOU CHARACTERS WHO'S BOSS NOW!
THAT'S ENOUGH, JOE -- YOU'LL KILL DA GUY!
TELL YOUR PALS GEORGIE KROWL GIVES THE ORDERS! YOU DELIVER ONLY WHEN HE SAYS SO... AND NOT BEFORE!
PLAY IT SMART!
KROWL HAD STRUCK! THE RANK AND FILE MEMBERS HAD TO ABIDE BY HIS ORDERS. AND THE COMPANIES HOLDING THEIR CONTRACTS ALSO WERE AFFECTED...
GENTLEMEN... THIS IS AN ILLEGAL, STRONG-ARM TACTIC TO TAKE OVER OUR DISTRIBUTION OPERATIONS! WE MUST ACT AT ONCE!
COMPANY TRUCKS WERE TOLD TO DELIVER THEIR GOODS TO THE RETAIL OUTLETS. THE ROUTE UNION CONTRACT WAS CANCELLED. BUT KROWL WAS WAITING...
OKAY, BOYS... HERE THEY COME!
RIGHT, BOSS!


OHHH-H.... MY EYES!

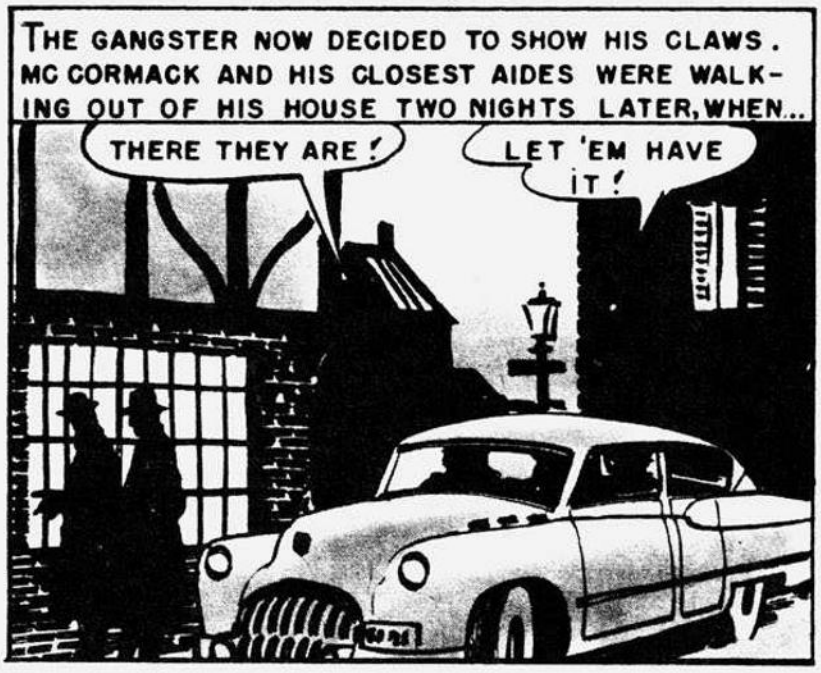
ROUGH 'EM UP, BOYS! SHOW THEM WHAT IT MEANS TO HAVE A ROUTE UNION CONTRACT CANCELLED!
THEY'LL NEVER TRY IT AGAIN! HA! HA!


BUT KROWL NOW WENT AFTER THE REGULAR LAUNDRY WORKERS. HE DECLARED A GENERAL STRIKE...
WE GO ON STRIKE! THAT MEANS YOU DON'T DO NO WORK. . .OR ELSE!
B-BUT THAT'S NOT FAIR... OWWW!


THUS STARTED ONE OF THE MOST VIOLENT DISPUTES IN THE HISTORY OF BUSINESS! MAX MC CORMACK, ABLE AND POPULAR BOSS OF THE WORKERS UNION, CALLED HIS MEN TOGETHER...
KROWL AND HIS HOODLUMS HAVE GONE TOO FAR! LET'S GO GET THEM, BOYS!


THE ANGRY WORKERS, BACKED BY THEIR COMPANIES, THREW THE UNDERWORLD TRASH OFF THEIR PROPERTIES...
GET OUT AND STAY OUT!

OKAY...BUT KROWL AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS! WE'LL BE BACK TO EVEN UP THE SCORE!
WE'LL BE WAITING! TAKE MY ADVICE! TELL KROWL HE'S THROUGH HERE! NOW, SCRAM!


THE GANGSTER NOW DECIDED TO SHOW HIS CLAWS. MC CORMACK AND HIS CLOSEST AIDES WERE WALKING OUT OF HIS HOUSE TWO NIGHTS LATER, WHEN...
THERE THEY ARE!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!

YAAA-H!
RAT-TAT-TAT AT-AT-AT-AT!

BUT A STOOL-PIGEON TALKED! POLICE IMMEDIATELY ROUNDED UP THE HOODLUMS...
STOP PUSHIN'!
INTO THE WAGON! YOU HAVE A DATE WITH THE JUDGE!
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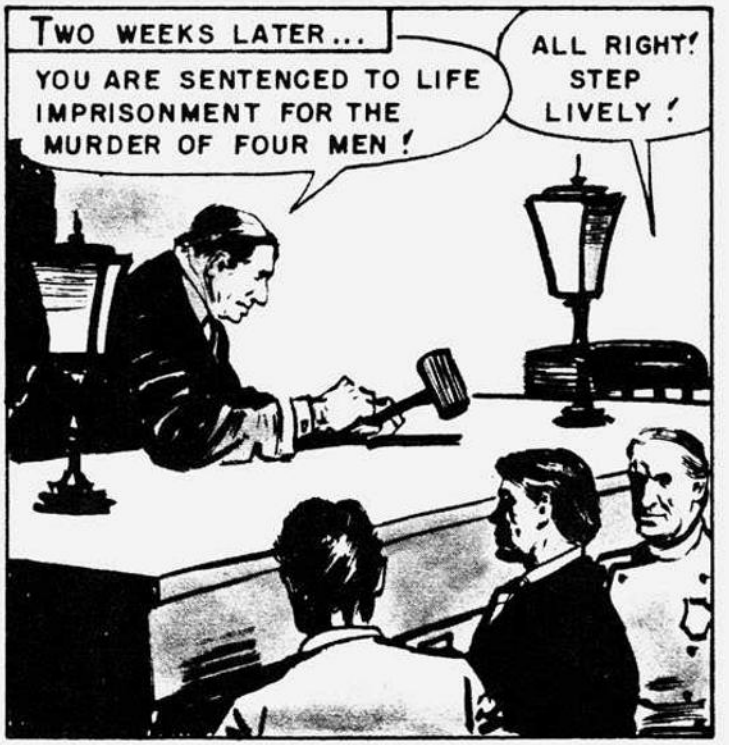
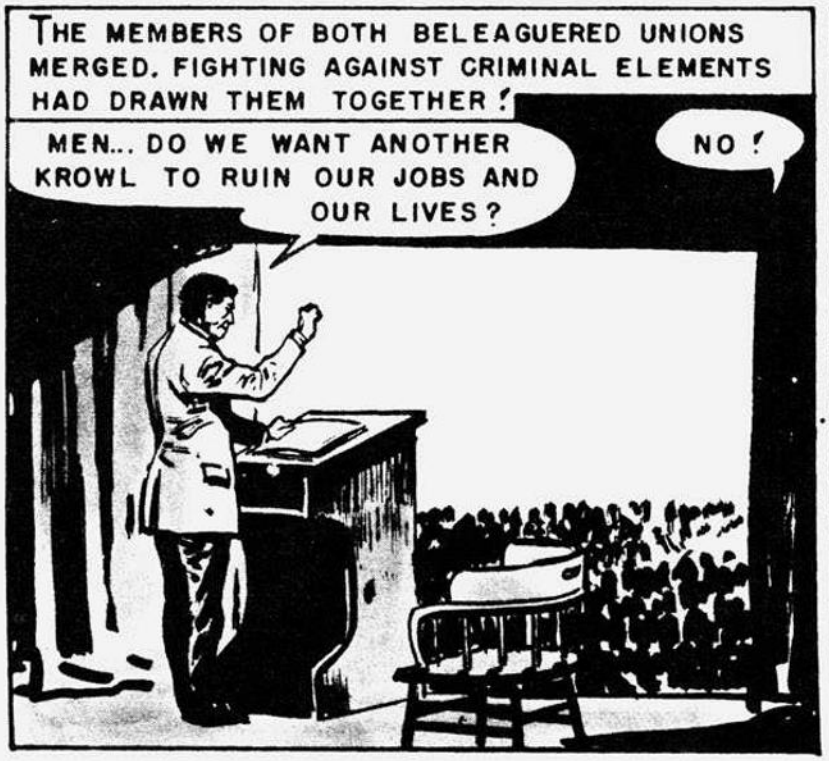
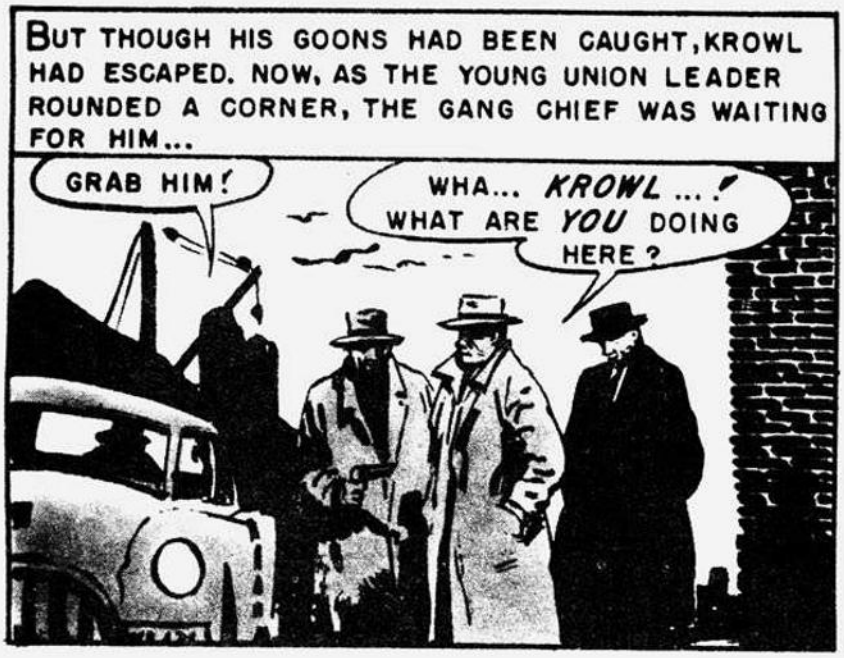
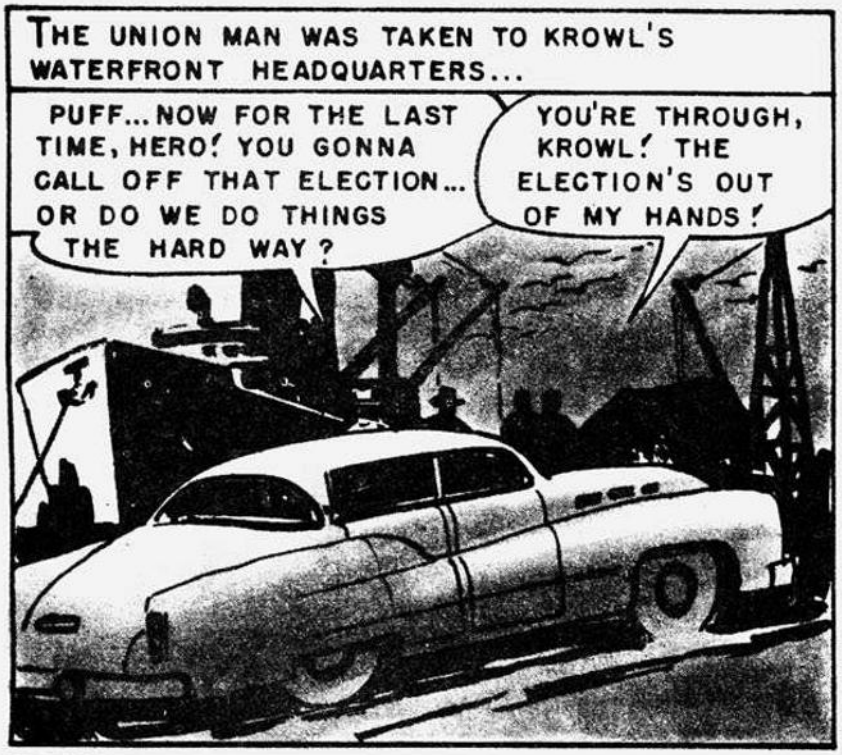

TWO WEEKS LATER...
YOU ARE SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR THE MURDER OF FOUR MEN!
ALL RIGHT! STEP LIVELY!


THE MEMBERS OF BOTH BELEAGUERED UNIONS MERGED. FIGHTING AGAINST CRIMINAL ELEMENTS HAD DRAWN THEM TOGETHER!
MEN... DO WE WANT ANOTHER KROWL TO RUIN OUR JOBS AND OUR LIVES?
NO!

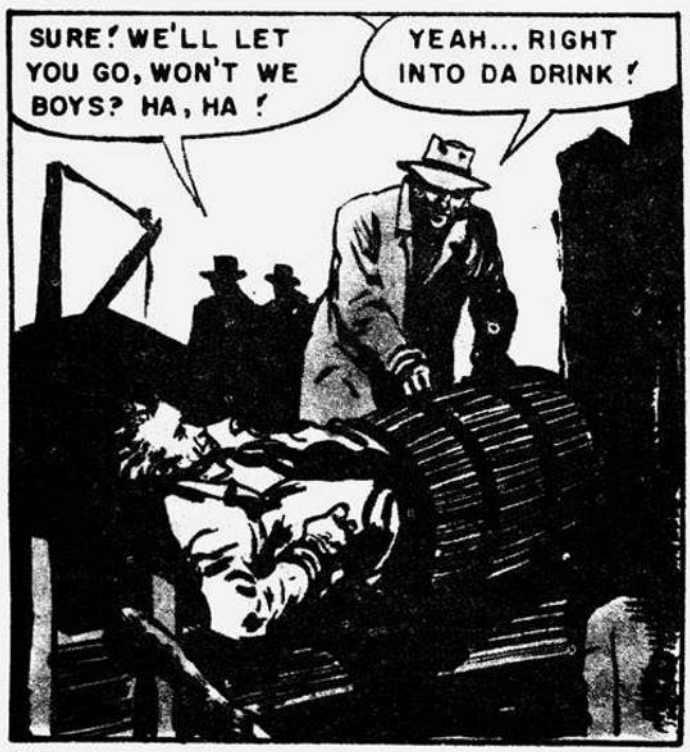
LET'S TAKE A VOTE!
LET'S NOT FORGET MAX MC CORMACK AND THE REST! VOTE FOR THE MERGER! DOWN WITH GANGSTERISM!

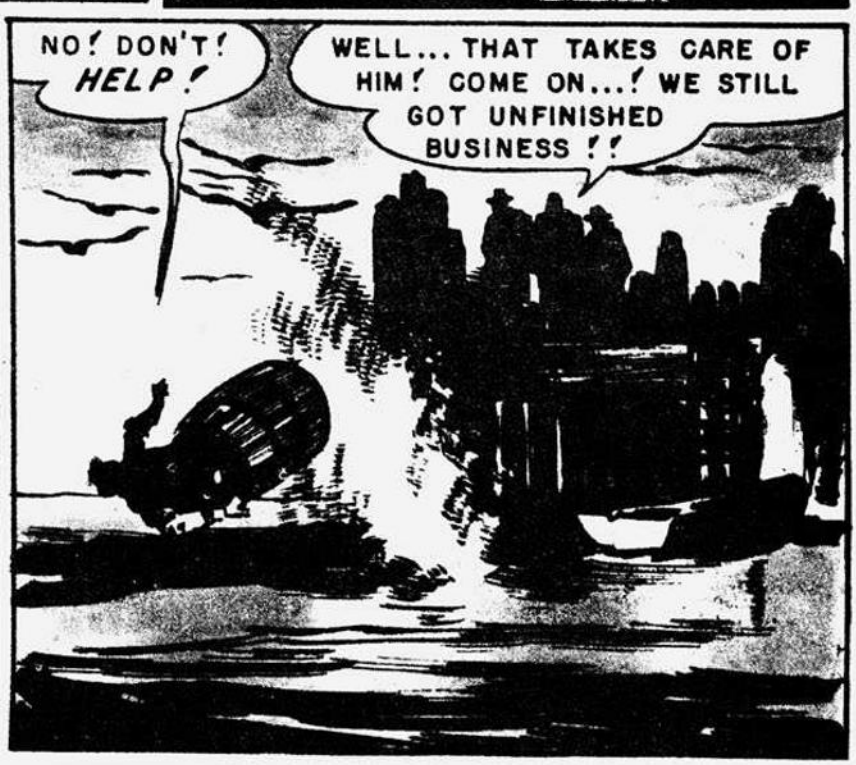

BUT THOUGH HIS GOONS HAD BEEN CAUGHT, KROWL HAD ESCAPED. NOW, AS THE YOUNG UNION LEADER ROUNDED A CORNER, THE GANG CHIEF WAS WAITING FOR HIM...
GRAB HIM!
WHA... KROWL...! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SHUT UP, CRUM! GET IN THAT CAR! MAKE IT SNAPPY!

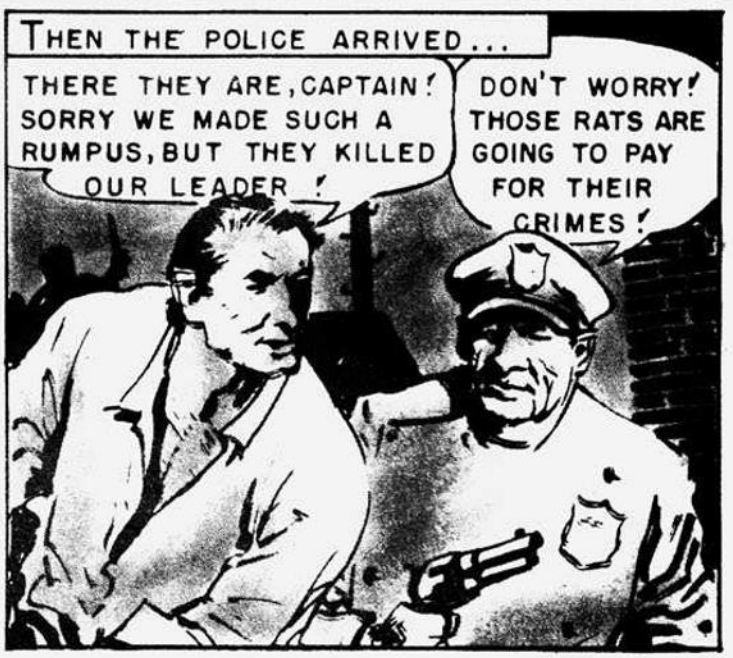

THE UNION MAN WAS TAKEN TO KROWL'S WATERFRONT HEADQUARTERS...
PUFF... NOW FOR THE LAST TIME, HERO! YOU GONNA CALL OFF THAT ELECTION... OR DO WE DO THINGS THE HARD WAY?
YOU'RE THROUGH, KROWL! THE ELECTION'S OUT OF MY HANDS!

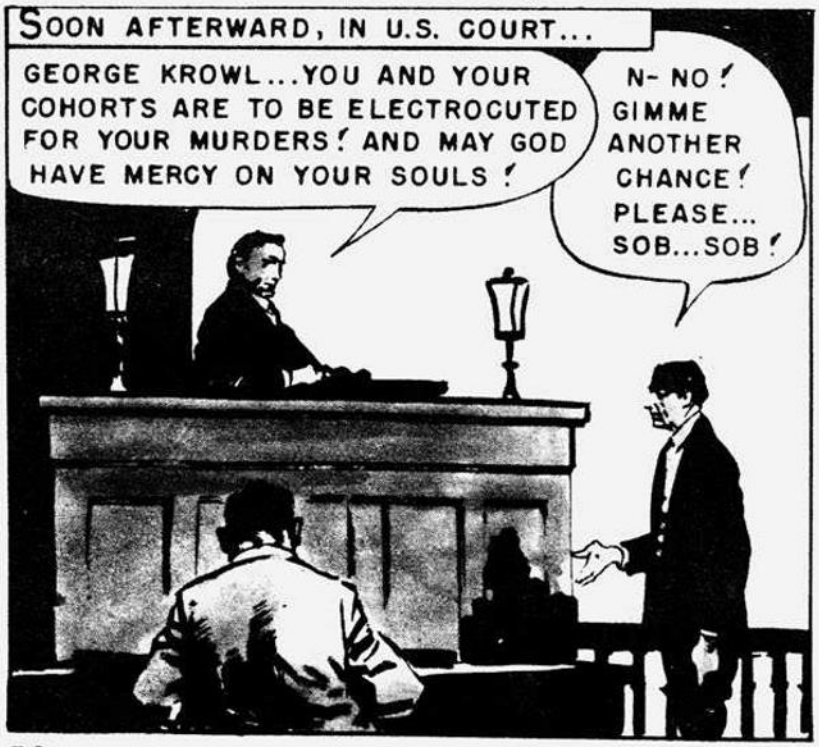
OKAY! I GAVE YOU YOUR CHANCE! POUR IT IN, BOYS!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? LET ME GO!


SURE! WE'LL LET YOU GO, WON'T WE BOYS? HA, HA!
YEAH... RIGHT INTO DA DRINK!


NO! DON'T! HELP!
WELL... THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! COME ON...! WE STILL GOT UNFINISHED BUSINESS!!

KROWL NOW HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE SMALL RETAIL OUTLETS OF THE COMPANIES...
W-WHO ARE YOU, MEN? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
AIIIEEE!
CLOSE YOUR TRAP, JERK! YA TALK TOO MUCH!
DRY CLEANING
TEAR THIS PLACE APART! THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO DO BUSINESS WITH ANYONE NOT USIN' A ROUTE UNION TRUCK!
PLEASE! YOU'LL RUIN ME...! N-NO!
WRECKING A DOZEN OUTLETS, KROWL WENT TO THE FACTORY WHERE THE ELECTION HAD JUST ENDED...
JOHN PERKINS AND VIC CONROY ARE ELECTED PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT RESPECTIVELY! WE'RE NOW ONE UNION!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
KROWL! CHARLIE, CALL THE POLICE!
HOLD IT! DO THAT, AND YOUR PAL GET BUMPED OFF! PERLINS IS WRAPPED UP AT OUR PLACE! YOU AGREE TO WORK FOR US, AN' WE'LL RELEASE HIM!
BUT THE ANGRY MEN WOULD NO LONGER BE BULLIED BY THE GANGSTERS. WITH ONE ACCORD THEY RUSHED THE SUDDENLY TERRIFIED HOODS...
NUTS TO THAT! KNOCK 'EM DOWN! HAND 'EM OVER TO THE COPS!
LET'S BLOW-- FAST!
LOOK AT 'EM! WE'LL BE KILLED!
AFTER THEM!





WITH THE DEATH OF KROWL AND HIS CUT-THROATS, UNION AND BIG BUSINESS MET ON THE SAME TERMS AS BEFORE... *COOPERATION, FRIENDLINESS, AND UNDERSTANDING.*

BOSS of the DEATH GANG

EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE SOMEONE COMES ALONG WITH WHAT HE THINKS IS A SURE WAY TO OUTWIT THE POLICE. BUT OBSERVATION OF MINUTE DETAILS IS PART OF A DETECTIVE'S EVERY DAY JOB, AND NO MATTER HOW CAREFULLY A PLAN IS MADE, IT TAKES JUST ONE SLIP TO UPSET THE WHOLE THING... AND ONE SLIP WAS ALL *THE BOSS* MADE... *ONE SLIP TOO MANY*...

WHAT'LL IT BE, GENTS?
LISTEN TO HIM! HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT WE WANT. SHOULD WE TELL HIM?
THE DOUGH, BUSTER! THE LONG GREEN YOU GOT BACK THERE!
WAIT'LL I GET IT... IT'S RIGHT DOWN HERE!
COME ON... COME ON! WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY!
MAYBE HE NEEDS A LITTLE PURSUADIN'!
SUDDENLY...
NO, YOU DON'T... UGH!
WHY, YOU...
QUICK, BLACKIE... GRAB THE CASH!
HURRY!
BAR
HELP! POLICE!
I HEARD SHOTS!
SOON AFTERWARDS...
NOT MUCH TO GO ON HERE, JACK. COUPLE OF STIFFS... AND THAT'S ABOUT ALL.
NEVER CAN TELL. WE'LL LET THOSE PEOPLE IN ONE AT A TIME... MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME DOPE OUT OF THEM.
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
YES... I SAW THEM! AND HERE'S THEIR LICENSE PLATE NUMBER!
LADY... YOU'RE A LIFE-SAVER! COME ON, MAC... LET'S GET DOWN TO THE LICENSE BUREAU! IT'S A SLIM LEAD... BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

THE CAR WAS REGISTERED UNDER THE NAME OF ROBERT WINTERS, AND JACK BURNS HEADED FOR THE LISTED ADDRESS...
YEAH...ROBERT WINTERS...HE LIVES HERE...BUT I AIN'T SEEN HIM FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS.
OKAY! THANKS A LOT.
THE PRESSURE WAS HIGH! JOHN RANKLIN, A POLITICAL POWER IN THE CITY, WAS PUSHING THE CHIEF, AND THE CHIEF WAS PUSHING BURNS...
I'M DOING MY BEST, CHIEF! EVERYTHING SEEMS TO GO UP A BLIND ALLEY...
GET THE PHONE! MAYBE IT'S A LEAD!
LIEUTENANT BURNS SPEAKING...
THIS IS ROBERT WINTERS! I KNOW YOU BEEN LOOKIN' FOR ME, AN' I WANT YOU TO PICK ME UP. MAKE IT FAST, TOO! NOT SWITCHIN' THOSE PLATES MADE THE BOSS SORE... AN' I'LL BE SAFER WITH YOU! I'M AT...
YEAH? HELLO! HELLO... WE WERE CUT OFF! OPERATOR, TRY TO TRACE THAT CALL!
ATTEMPTS TO TRACE THE CALL WERE FRUITLESS, BUT ANOTHER CALL SOON CAME THROUGH...
IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR WINTERS...YOU'LL FIND HIM AT 2340 ELMWOOD AVENUE! HE'S WAITIN' FOR YOU!
-CLICK-
WAIT A MINUTE!
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT NUMBER? IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY MEETING PLACE TO ME!
THAT'S IT... 2340! LET'S GO IN!
THERE'S OUR LEAD...DEAD AS A DOORNAIL! FIVE SLUGS IN HIM!
SO NOW WHAT DO WE DO! ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THERE'S SOMEONE CALLED "THE BOSS"... AND HE WORKS FAST! RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED...

ABOUT A WEEK LATER...
JACK... A BAR ON THE WEST SIDE WAS JUST HELD UP... AND DO YOU KNOW WHO WAS IN IT?.. JOHN RANKLIN!
OH, BROTHER! JUST OUR LUCK... I GUESS HE'S BREATHING FIRE BY NOW!
SOON...
WHEN A MAN CAN'T STOP FOR A DRINK WITHOUT BEING ROBBED...
WE'RE DOING OUR BEST, MR. RANKLIN. WITH THIS LIST OF THE STOLEN PROPERTY WE CAN CHECK PAWN SLIPS! MAYBE SOMETHING WILL BREAK!
BURNS' BREAK CAME SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED... ABOUT A WEEK LATER...
HELP! POLICE!
BAR
WHY DIDN'T WE SHUT THAT GUY UP!
I'M HIT! DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND!
COME ON...GET THIS CRATE MOVIN'! DON'T WASTE TIME ON BLACKIE!
IN A LITTLE WHILE... AT THE CITY HOSPITAL...
YOU'RE A PRETTY SICK MAN, BLACKIE! BETTER SPILL WHAT YOU KNOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
WILL IT GO EASY ON ME, COPPER, IF I DO?
WE CAME DOWN HERE AS SOON AS WE FOUND OUT THAT ONE OF THE GANG WAS CAUGHT! DID HE TALK?
NOT YET, MR. RANKLIN... BUT YOU'RE HERE JUST IN TIME!
OKAY, BLACKIE... WHO'S THE BOSS?
COME ON... YOU HOODLUM... SPEAK UP!
I CHANGED MY MIND! I... AIN'T SAYIN'... NOTHIN'... AN'...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! CLAMMED UP! AND HE'S OUT COLD!
MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK TO HEADQUARTERS. DO YOU HAVE THE TIME, MR. RANKIN?
WHY, YES...IT'S JUST TWO THIRTY.
ABOUT AN HOUR AND A HALF LATER...
WHAT'S THE LATEST NEWS, BURNS? DID YOU GET THAT MAN TO TALK?
NO...UH...IN FACT... I JUST GOT WORD A FEW MINUTES AGO THAT HE DIED! AND THAT STYMIES *THAT* LEAD!
FINE THING! THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE CAN'T CRACK THIS GANG... BUT A PRIVATE CITIZEN LIKE ME *DOES SOMETHING!* I JUST GOT A PHONE TIP THAT THE GANG'S GOING TO TRY TO HIT THE RICHFIELD BAR TONIGHT!
I'LL BE THERE!
THAT NIGHT RANKLIN WAS THERE, TOO...WAITING FOR THEM...
BE SURE TO TELL YOUR MEN TO SHOOT TO KILL! THAT GANG IS DANGEROUS...
I HAD THE SAME IDEA, MR. RANKLIN!
BETTER GET YOUR CUSTOMERS OUT OF HERE...MIGHT BE A LITTLE TROUBLE! I'LL JUST STAY AT THE BAR. AND, DON'T WORRY... THERE'LL BE SOME MEN IN THE BACK!
Y...YEAH! I HOPE THE PLACE DON'T GET WRECKED!
ABOUT AN HOUR LATER..IT HAPPENED! THE METHOD OF OPERATION WAS ABOUT THE SAME...
LOOKS LIKE IT WASN'T A PHONY TIP, AFTER ALL... THE FISH ARE BITING!
WH..WHAT'LL YOU...
WE DON'T WANT NOTHIN' BUT A LITTLE QUIET! GET 'EM UP!
THAT DOES IT!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! POUR IT ON!
COPPERS! THE PLACE IS CRAWLING!
I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
ONE OF 'EM'S GETTING AWAY!
OUTSIDE, THE ONE REMAINING MEMBER OF THE GANG LOOKED AROUND WILDLY FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN MADE A BEE-LINE FOR RANKLIN'S CAR...
IT WAS A TRAP!
GET AWAY FROM HERE!
MAIN ST.
I WARNED YOU... NOTHING DOING!
D...DON'T... UGH!
IT WAS A CLOSE CALL, BURNS! I GOT THIS ONE JUST AS HE WAS HEADING FOR ME! ARE THE OTHERS...
YEAH! ALL DEAD! AND THAT ALMOST WASHES THE WHOLE THING UP!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ALMOST? AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, THE CASE IS CLOSED!
YOU'RE A LITTLE HASTY, MR. RANKIN. THERE'S STILL THE MATTER OF GETTING *THE BOSS!* WHICH REMINDS ME... DO YOU HAVE THE TIME?

WHY, SURE... IT'S 8:30. WHAT DO YOU HAVE THERE?
JUST THE LIST OF PROPERTY STOLEN IN THAT HOLD-UP A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO. HOW COME YOU LISTED THAT WATCH AS STOLEN... AND STILL HAVE IT?
WELL... I... I...
THINK OF A GOOD ONE... BOSS! I WONDERED WHY THAT WOUNDED GUY IN THE HOSPITAL CLAMMED UP WHEN YOU CAME IN! AND THEN WHEN I ASKED FOR THE TIME AND YOU PULLED OUT THAT WATCH... THAT KIND OF CINCHED IT.
YOU'RE CRAZY! THERE'S NO POSSIBILITY OF IDENTIFICATION! EVERY MEMBER OF THE GANG IS DEAD!
YOU SAW TO THAT, ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU FORGOT ABOUT THE MAN IN THE HOSPITAL! I ONLY TOLD YOU HE DIED TO SEE WHAT YOU'D DO!
LET'S GET GOING... OOF!
GET OUT OF MY WAY! NO STUPID DETECTIVES GOING TO THROW ME IN JAIL!
CRAZY IDIOT! HOW FAR DOES HE THINK HE'LL GET!
MUST'VE HIT HIM! HOPE HE ISN'T DEAD... HE'S ONE GUY I'D LIKE TO SEE BURN!
FUNNY HOW THESE GUYS ALWAYS THINK THEY CAN BEAT THE LAW... BUT IT ALWAYS CATCHES UP WITH THEM IN THE END! MIGHT AS WELL SEND FOR THE MEAT WAGON!
OKAY, LIEUTENANT. THEY NEVER LEARN...DO THEY?
END

TRUTH *not* FANCY

Greek-Fire to Flame-Thrower

THE GREEK-FIRE WAS COMPOSED OF SULPHUR, NAPHTHA AND QUICKLIME. IT WAS CALLED WET-FIRE OR SEA-FIRE AS THIS MIXTURE PRODUCED A HOT FLAME WHEN COMING INTO CONTACT WITH WATER.

IT WAS DISCOVERED BY THE GREEK ARCHITECT, CALLINICUS DURING THE REIGN OF CONSTANTINE POGONATUS. ITS APPLICATION AIDED THE GREEK FLEET TO DEFEAT THE SARACENS AT CYPRUS.

THE MONGOLIAN INVADERS WHO CONQUERED MOST OF ASIA AND A LARGE PART OF EUROPE EMPLOYED PORCELAIN SEALED JARS FILLED WITH NAPHTHA TO SET FIRE TO ENEMY FORTIFICATIONS.

THE BYZANTINE GREEKS USED FLAMING MISSLES WHICH WERE HURLED AGAINST THE SARACEN INVADERS DURING THE DEFENSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE FLAME-THROWER OF WORLD WAR II, EMPLOYING AN OIL MIXTURE IS MERELY A NEW APPLICATION OF AN OLD INVENTION.

"TOOTS" GARBOLI AND HIS FIGHT RACKETEERS!

OFTEN STORIES ABOUT CRIME AND CRIMINALS SHOW THESE HUMAN LICE IN THE MORE PUBLICIZED ACTIVITIES OF BANK ROBBING, PROHIBITION WARS, AND OTHER ASSORTED VICIOUS INTERESTS. BUT ONE OF THE LEAST KNOWN OF THEIR ACTIVITIES WAS THE TAKING OVER OF SPORTS DURING THE ERA OF PROHIBITION-- THIS IS AN ACCOUNT OF ONE SUCH PHASE, AND OF HOW THE POLICE, WITH THE COOPERATION OF FIGHT OFFICIALS, CRACKED DOWN ON THE MURDEROUS RACKETEERS AND THEIR MOBS!

THE ROARING TWENTIES--PROHIBITION, JALOPIES, AND RACCOON COATS WERE IN THEIR HEY-DAY! AND SO WERE CROOKS, RACKETEERS AND *PRIZE FIGHTS!*

GOOD BOY! HE'S OUT!
THE MANAGER OF THE VICTORIOUS BOXER TURNED IN DEFIANCE TO TWO TOUGH-LOOKING MEN WHO FLANKED HIM...
SO MY BOY COULDN'T DO IT, EH? WELL-- YOU SAW FOR YOURSELF!
YEAH... GUESS WE DID! YOU GOT A GOOD FIGHTER, AIMES! LET HIM STAY THAT WAY!
JUST WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?
OUR BOSS GOT 20 GRAND ON THE FIGHTER YOUR BOY'S SUPPOSED TO BOX NEXT WEEK! WE WANT HIM TO WIN, UNDERSTAND? TELL YOUR BOY TO GO EASY!
YOU WANT ME TO PUT ON A CROOKED FIGHT, IS THAT IT? WELL, YOU CAN TELL YOUR BOSS THAT ROSCOE AIMES DOESN'T TAKE PROPOSITIONS FROM THUGS!
THINK IT OVER, AIMES! THERE'S A NICE TIDY SUM FER YOU IF YA COOPERATE!
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU DIRTY RAT! GET OUT--- AND STAY OUT!
OWW!
WHY, YOU-- I'LL--!
HOLD IT, SPIKE! REMEMBER THAT THE BOSS SAID-- "NO FIREWORKS"... MR. AIMES IS JUST LUCKY WE'RE UNDER ORDERS! THE NEXT TIME--!
THERE WON'T BE NO NEXT TIME! JIM-- THROW THESE BUMS OUT!

AIMES DISMISSED THE INCIDENT AS JUST ANOTHER UNPLEASANT BIT OF BUSINESS HE HAD TO DISCOURAGE IN THE GAME. BUT NEXT MORNING WHILE HIS FIGHTER WAS WORKING OUT IN THE COUNTRY..

WHAT WAS THE RUMPUS LAST NIGHT, ROSCOE?

NOTHING, BOY! GET BACK INTO YOUR STRIDE!

SAY-- LOOK AT THOSE MANIACS COMING TOWARDS US! DON'T THEY KNOW ANY BETTER?

RED-- *GET BACK!* THEY'RE NOT JOY-RIDERS! THEY'RE THAT UNDERWORLD BUNCH!

YAAAAA-AH!

NO! NO!

RED-- *RED!* SPEAK TO ME, SON! HE'S DEAD! THOSE ROTTEN, VICIOUS RATS! I'LL GET THEM FOR THIS! *I'LL GET THEM!*

TWO HOURS LATER "TOOTS" ART GARBOLI, BOSS OF THE KILLERS WHO HAD APPROACHED AIMES, TURNED OFF THE RADIO SCREAMING THE LATEST NEWS...

--POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING THE TRAGIC DEATH OF RED HASTINGS, PROMISING CONTENDER FOR THE PUGILISTIC THRONE...

DIDJA GET RID OF THE CAR?

YEAH, TOOTS! THE COPPERS CAN LOOK ALL OVER TOWN, THEY'LL NEVER TRACE IT TO US-- AND IF AIMES BLABS ABOUT OUR TRYING TA BRIBE HIM, WE'LL DENY IT!

OKAY... I'LL GET SOME GUYS TO SAY YOU WERE WITH THEM IN A TAVERN WHEN THIS THING HAPPENED! *WE'RE ON OUR WAY!*

TOOTS GARBOLI-*ON HIS WAY!* TOUGH KID, YOUNG HOODLUM, EX-CON AND RUTHLESS KILLER..THE SHREWD ORGANIZER AND HIS MOB MOVED IN ON THE FIGHT GAME WITH GUSTO...

ANY MANAGER OR TRAINER THAT DIDN'T COME IN WITH HIM MET A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

KILL ME! KILL ME! I CAN'T STAND THIS PAIN!

NAW! WE AIN'T GONNA BUMP YA OFF, EVANS! WE'RE JUST GONNA BEAT YA UP TO A PULP-- UNTIL YA DECIDE THAT WE KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FER YOU!

SO, ONE BY ONE, THE MANAGERS AND THEIR FIGHTERS CAPITULATED! CROOKED FIGHTS AND POOR PERFORMANCE RESULTED--BUT THE ILL-GOTTEN BETTING MONEY ROLLED IN...

--EIGHT--NINE--TEN! HE'S OUT!

WE JUST MADE *40 GEES!* HA! HA!

BUT GRIM AUTHORITIES KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WAS HAPPENING. THEY TRIED IN VAIN TO GET SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE AND WITNESSES AGAINST GARBOLI AND HIS KILLERS...

CHIN UP--FACE THE LIGHT! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU SNAKES LOOK LIKE!

WELL, EVANS! IS THIS THE GANG THAT ATTACKED YOU? TEROLA... DO YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THE "CITIZENS" THAT WORKED YOU AND YOUR BOY OVER?

WELL--I..I'M NOT SURE--!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK--AND TAKE YOUR TIME! DO YOU RECOGNIZE THEM?

UH--I--DON'T THINK SO.

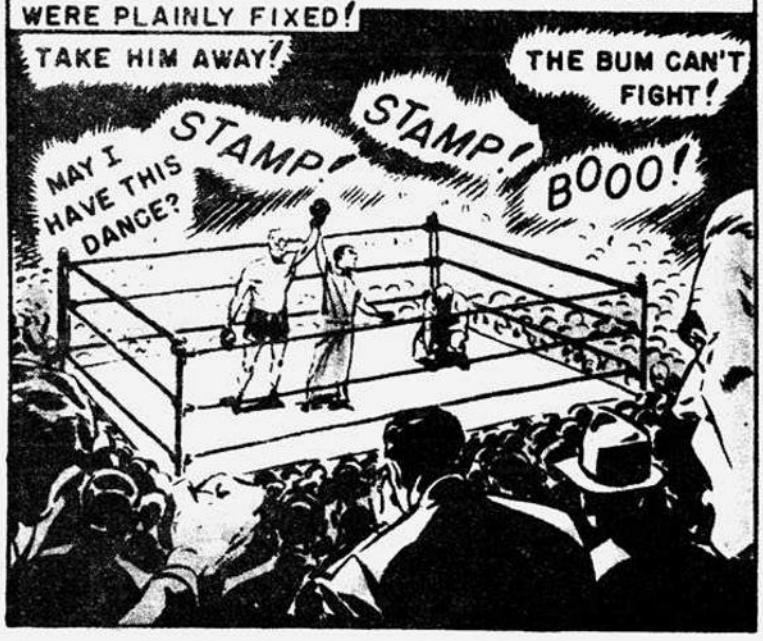
NO--THEY'RE NOT THE ONES.

OKAY, GARBOLI! YOU AND YOUR BOYS ARE FREE TO GO! BUT LET US CATCH YOU TRYING ANYTHING FUNNY, AND *WE'LL PUT YOU BEHIND BARS!*

TCH..TCH... MUSTN'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER, CAPTAIN! IT'S NOT GOOD FOR YOU!

TOOTS GARBOLI WAS SMUG. HE KNEW THAT NO ONE DARED TALK TO THE POLICE IF HE WANTED TO STAY ALIVE. HE WAS SO SURE OF HIMSELF THAT HE DECIDED TO PUSH HIS OWN FIGHTER INTO THE LIMELIGHT!

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, GARBOLI AND HIS BOYS MADE SURE THAT BRUISER BECAME THE LEADING CONTENDER --- EVEN THOUGH HIS FIGHTS WERE PLAINLY FIXED!

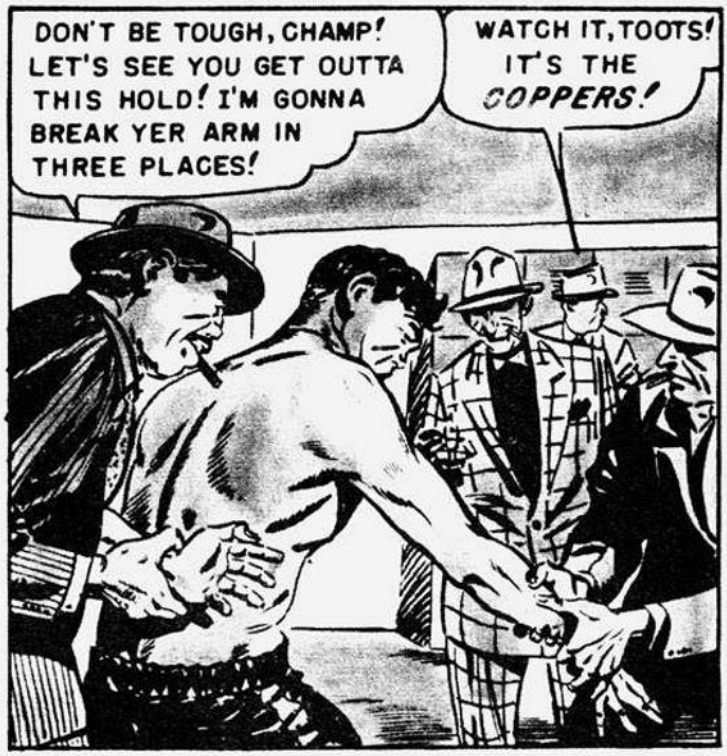


FIGHT OFFICIALS CALLED AN EMERGENCY MEETING TO INVESTIGATE AND GET BETTER, CLEAN MATCHES! THE POLICE WERE ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTERS OF THIS IDEA!

THEY GOT THEIR WITNESS SOONER THAN THEY EXPECTED! BRUISER'S GIRL FRIEND DIDN'T THINK HE WAS SO HOT, SO WHEN SHE TWO-TIMED HIM...

THE GIRL LOST NO TIME IN CONTACTING THE POLICE OUT OF SPITE! WHAT SHE TOLD THEM WAS *DYNAMITE!*

THAT NEXT NIGHT, GARBOLI MOVED IN ON THE CHAMPION AND HIS MANAGER! ANXIOUS TO MAKE THEIR OWN MAN CHAMP AND GET INTO THE BIG-TIME MONEY, GARBOLI WAS TOO EAGER...



BOOKED ON AN INTENT-TO-KILL CHARGE, THE MEMBERS OF THE GARBOLI MOB READILY CONFESSED... TWO MONTHS LATER...

BOXING ONCE AGAIN BECAME CLEAN, THANKS TO THE POLICE AND THE SPORTS OFFICIALS WHO COMBINED AGAINST ORGANIZED CRIME!

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NEXT...

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